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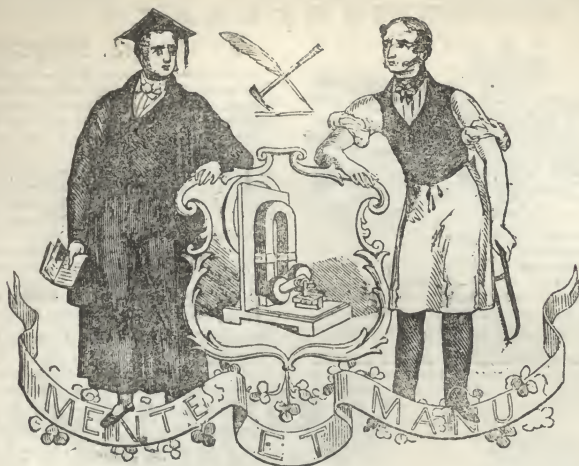
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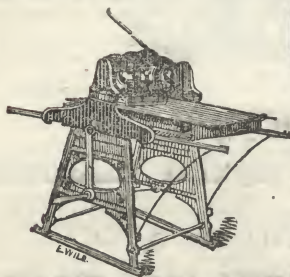
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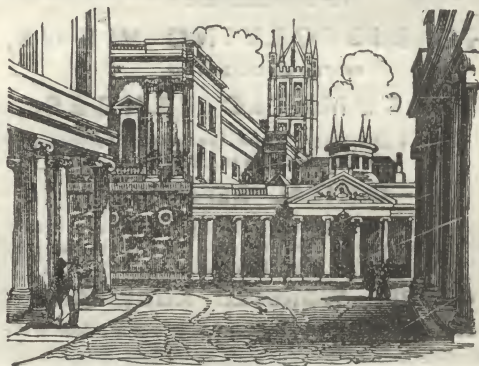
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LIQUID HAIR DYE; the only dye that really answers for all colours, and does not require re-doing, but as the hair grows, as it never fades or acquires that unnatural red or purple tint common to all other dyes. BOTANIC WATER and BEAR'S GREASE.—When the hair is becoming thin and falling off, the only effectual remedy besides shaving the head is the use of the two above-named articles, applied alternately—the botanic water to cleanse the roots from scurf, and as a stimulant, and the bear's grease as a nourisher. THE NEW TOOTH-PICK BRUSH, thoroughly cleansing between the teeth, when used up and down, and polishing the surface when used cross-ways. The hair warranted never to come out. THE UNION and TRIPLE HAIR-BRUSHES. THE DOUBLE ANTIPRESSURE NAIL BRUSH. THE MEDIUM SHAVING BRUSH. THE RAILWAY STROP and POWDER. The above new and elegant articles, in addition to a very extensive assortment of beautiful PERFUMES, are the sole MANUFACTURES and INVENTIONS of MESSRS. ROSS and SONS, 119 and 120, Bishopsgate-street, London.

MEERSCHAUM PIPES.

I. INDERWICK & COMPANY,
—58, PRINCES STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE,
Beg respectfully to inform the Nobility, Gentry, and the Trade generally that they have just received a fine assortment of

PURE MEERSCHAUM PIPES
Of the First Quality, to which they invite attention.

JONES'S £4 4s. 0d. Silver, and
£12 12s. 0d. GOLD LEVER WATCHES, at 33s, Strand, opposite Somerset House. Warranted not to vary more than ½ a minute per week. Mathematically true and elegant. On receipt of a Post Office Order for 1s. above the Price, one will be forwarded free to any part of the Kingdom.—Honourable dealing observed.

CHRISTMAS 1846.—RICH AND
FULL-FLAVOURED PORT WINE, 32s. per dozen; Crusted Port. 40s.; very old in bottle, 48s. and 60s.; Best Marsala, 24s.; Good Dinner Sherry, 28s.; Champagne, 30s. per dozen pints, or 60s. quarts. These Wines may be tasted at the Counting House, No. 11, Mark Lane, daily, or Samples had, and Country Orders executed upon receipt of a remittance. H. B. DOWNING, Wine Merchant, 11, Mark Lane, London. Cellars, No. 10.

RUPTURES.

BAILEY'S TRUSSES are declared by many eminent Surgeons to be the best; they are light and easy to wear, and if a cure is to be obtained they will effect it. The Patient is carefully attended by Mr. Bailey, or his Assistants, during Twelve Months, for One Guinea (the Truss included;) by this means a proper adjustment being always preserved, the inexperienced will be able to effect their cure in the shortest time possible. Trusses may be had as low as 7s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. each.

For Trusses send the size of the waist one inch below the hipbone, to W. H. BAILEY, 418, Oxford-street, London.

ACCEPTABLE PRESENTS.

THE present season is hallowed by one of the most delightful offices of Friendship and Affection: the interchange of Gifts as remembrances of the donors, and tokens of their esteem for the receivers. The most appropriate present becomes the first subject of consideration; a merely useful one can afford no evidence of taste, while a present possessing no claims to utility, shows a want of judgment. To combine these requisites, a more fitting souvenir cannot be suggested than

ROWLAND'S TOILET ARTICLES,

THE
"MACASSAR OIL,"
"KALYDOR," & "ODONTO,"

each of infallible attributes. In creating and sustaining luxuriant silken tresses, ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL is highly and universally appreciated; ROWLAND'S KALYDOR is a preparation of unparalleled efficacy in improving and beautifying the Skin and Complexion; and ROWLAND'S ODONTO, or PEARL DENTIFRICE, is invaluable for its beautifying and preservative effects on the Teeth and Gums.

The August Patronage conceded by our Gracious Queen, the Royal Family, and the several Sovereigns and Courts of Europe, together with the Aristocracy and "Haut Ton," and the confirmation by experience of the infallible efficacy of these creative renovating Specifics, have characterized them with perfection, and given them a celebrity unparalleled. They have proved the theme of the poet; they are celebrated in the periodical literature of the whole civilized world; the lays of Byron; and the voice of the universal press, have proclaimed the "incomparable" virtues of the "Oil Macassar," and of its accompanying preparations.

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS!!!

See that the word "**ROWLAND'S**" is on the Wrapper of each Article.

Sold by them at 20, Hatton Garden, London, and by respectable Chemists and Perfumers.

COCOA-NUT FIBRE WAREHOUSE,

42, LUDGATE-HILL, LONDON.

THE Substance called COCOA-NUT FIBRE envelopes the shell of the milky cocoa-nut, around which it forms a strong protecting network. Man's ingenuity has turned the fibre to account by manufacturing it into many very useful articles, such as Carpets for Stairs and Passages, Matting for Churches, Public Buildings, Offices, and Kitchens; also Hearth-rugs, Carriage and Door Mats, Netting for Sheepfolds, Ropes, &c.: but among the applications there is not any to which it is better adapted than for the stuffing of Mattresses and Cushions as a substitute for horsehair. It is very elastic, and affords great ease and support to the body, whether used with or without a feather-bed. It has also the additional recommendation of being so obnoxious to Vermin that they will not live in it, whilst it is a fact well known, that Horsehair, Wool, and Flock will engender animalculæ. Being a non-absorbent, and possessing peculiar chemical properties that render it an anti-contagionist, the Cocoa-nut Fibre is particularly suitable for Children's Beds, for use in Schools, Hotels, Hospitals, Asylums, and all large Dormitories. Lists containing Prices may be had at the Warehouse, or will be sent free by post.

TRELOAR, 42, Ludgate-hill, London.



**Important
to
Ladies.**



THE NORWICH COMPANY'S CELEBRATED 3 & 6-CORD SEWING AND NETTING COTTON.

The attention of Ladies is particularly requested to this novel article, as being of the most beautiful fabric and uniform texture of any yet produced; it is wound on elegant reels, with labels as above, in lengths of 100, 200, and 300 yards. The Six-cord is more especially adapted for Ladies who are desirous of being accomplished in that elegant and useful art NETTING. To be had of all the most respectable Silk Mercers, Linendrapers and Haberdashers in the kingdom; and wholesale of the Proprietors, Messrs. J. L. BARBER & Co., Norwich; and of their Agent in London, Mr. W. W. TRIPP, 39, Friday Street, Cheapside.

N.B.—Merchants and Shippers supplied on the most liberal terms.



DAKIN & COMPANY,

Number One, Saint Paul's Churchyard, London.

The following Sample Package is recommended to Families who wish (previous to purchasing their usual supply of Teas, Coffees, &c.) to sample and prove the superior excellence of the goods sold by DAKIN and COMPANY, TEA MERCHANTS, and it will be forwarded to the Country CARRIAGE FREE on receipt of a Post-office Order for the 2*l*., the 3*d*. being allowed as the cost of the Post-office order.

3 lb. Finest Tone Rich Congou	4 <i>s</i> . 6 <i>d</i> .	13 <i>s</i> . 6 <i>d</i> .
1 lb. Very Fine Hyson or Gunpowder	5 <i>s</i> . 6 <i>d</i> .	5 <i>s</i> . 6 <i>d</i> .
1 lb. Strong Congou Tea for Domestic.	3 <i>s</i> . 6 <i>d</i> .	3 <i>s</i> . 6 <i>d</i> .
6 lb. Coffee, ripe and rich in flavour	1 <i>s</i> . 8 <i>d</i> .	10 <i>s</i> . 0 <i>d</i> .
1 lb. The Old English Mustard	1 <i>s</i> . 6 <i>d</i> .	1 <i>s</i> . 6 <i>d</i> .
2 lb. Best Bermuda Arrowroot (in a tin case) ..	1 <i>s</i> . 6 <i>d</i> .	3 <i>s</i> . 0 <i>d</i> .
1 lb. Finest Tapioca imported	0 <i>s</i> . 8 <i>d</i> .	0 <i>s</i> . 8 <i>d</i> .
4 lb. Finest Bencoolen Cloves	3 <i>s</i> . 0 <i>d</i> .	0 <i>s</i> . 9 <i>d</i> .
2 oz. Finest Brown Nutmegs	8 <i>s</i> . 0 <i>d</i> .	1 <i>s</i> . 0 <i>d</i> .
4 lb. Very best Cayenne Pepper	3 <i>s</i> . 4 <i>d</i> .	0 <i>s</i> . 10 <i>d</i> .

£2 0*s*. 3*d*

All Goods afterwards ordered, will be sent warranted equal to these samples.

AGENTS IN EVERY TOWN IN ENGLAND.

AMUSEMENT FOR CHRISTMAS!

CARPENTER and WESTLEY'S
Improved PHANTASMAGORIA LANTERNS,
with the New CHROMATROPE (or Artificial Fire
Works) and DISSOLVING VIEWS, with every possible
variety of Sliders, including NATURAL HISTORY—COM-
MIC—LEVER—Moveable and Plain ASTRONOMICAL—
Views in the HOLY LAND—SCRIPTURAL PORTRAITS,
&c., &c.

No. 1 Lantern with Argand Lamp in a box, 2l. 12s. 6d.
No. 2 ditto, of larger size, 4l. 4s.

The above are supplied with Lucernal Microscopes
and 7 Sliders, at 31s. 6d. extra. Lists of the Sliders
and Prices upon application to the Manufacturers,
CARPENTER and WESTLEY, OPTICIANS, 24, REGENT-
STREET, LONDON.

ST. JOHN'S WOOD.

TO BE LET (Rent only £60.),

AGNES VILLA. The very desirable semi-detached residence, No. 3, ABBEY ROAD, containing four Chambers, two Drawing-rooms, Study and Boudoir, two Parlours, Store Closet, Water Closet, two Kitchens, three Cellars, &c.; replete with appropriate fixtures and every possible convenience, situated in a well-planted Garden. Inquire on the Premises.

MECHI'S famous BAGATELLE

TABLES, Manufactured on the Premises
4, LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON, makelong evenings
appear short, and combine calculation with amusement. Price 3l. 10s., 4l. 10s., 5l. 10s., up to 12l. Sold
also by his Agents, Spiers and Son, Oxford; Lounge,
Leeds; Eastee, Liverpool; Bruton and Williams, Dublin; Woolfield, Glasgow; Pratt, Bradford; Thompson,
Nottingham; Stephenson, Hull; Squires, Dover; Steel
and Rix, Norwich.

None are genuine without MECI'S Name and Address.

MECHI'S CHESSMEN, in Ivory, Bone, and Wood, the best and cheapest, which may also be said of his backgammon, draught, and chess-boards, cribbage-boards and pegs, cushioned bagatelle-tables, Pope Joan boards, work-boxes, desks, pocket-books, writing and envelope cases, dressing-cases, tea-caddies, table-cutlery, Sheffield plated ware, pen-knives, scissors, clothes, hair and tooth brushes; combs, razors, strops, &c. Quality of all articles first-rate.

JONES'S DEMULCENT COUGH

LOZENGES, recommended by the Faculty, being perfectly free from Opium, Morphia, or any deleterious ingredient. These lozenges will be found on trial to be the most efficacious remedy now in use for all disorders of the respiratory organs, affording almost instantaneous relief in Asthma, Consumption, difficulty of Breathing, Hooping Cough, &c., arresting the most violent paroxysm of coughing, whether arising from a chronic or recent affection. They are extremely agreeable to the palate.—Sold by the Proprietor, PETER JONES, Operative Chemist, 11, Norton Folgate, Bishopsgate Street, London, in boxes, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each, and by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors. Wholesale Agents, Barclay and Sons, Farringdon Street; and W. Edwards, St. Paul's Churchyard.

DEEDS NOT WORDS.—Every description of CLOTHES well and fashionably made at LUDLOW'S Establishment, 164 A, Oxford-street.

There are but few men that are Practical Workmen as well as PROFESSORS CUTTERS in the Tailoring business, hence the remark so often made "I cannot get clothes to fit me." D. LUDLOW having engaged the first practical men in the Cutting and Working Departments, is enabled to compete in price, and surpass many in style and workmanship, with the following garments, viz., Military and Naval Uniforms; Riding and Hunting Trousers; Ladies' Corset and Riding Habits; all of which he warrants to give a good fit, at full 30 per cent. under the prices usually charged, "FOR CASH ONLY." D. L. has gone to considerable expense in making well-arranged work-rooms, so as to have all the garments made on the premises.

Observe the address, LUDLOW'S Clothing Establishment, 164 A, Oxford-street, London, 7 doors from Stratford-place.

REPORT of the Rev. A. HEWLETT, Astley Parsonage, near Manchester, March 24, 1846.

Dear Sirs.—It has long been on my mind to write to you on the subject of your invaluable medicine; but my time is so fully occupied, I seem scarcely able to do justice to the subject. We have now tried it, successfully, for every case of illness that has occurred in our large family during the last three years, and I am thoroughly convinced of the soundness of the Hygeian theory; and believe that if there be a curable complaint, the "Vegetable Medicine" (Morison's Pills) will accomplish the cure. In November, 1844, our three youngest children had the measles. We called in no doctor; but, in spite of the remonstrances of friends, persevered in administering regular but small doses of the pills, and they soon recovered their usual vigour, and had no unpleasant memento of the complaint remaining. In January last one of our little ones began with the scarlet fever, which soon extended to two others, and they were very badly indeed, covered with eruptions, their throats very sore and mouths ulcerated, but all the medicine they had was two pills each morning, Nos. 1 and 2 alternately; and one day, when one of them was very ill indeed, she had three pills extra. We did not cease to administer the medicine until all symptoms of the disease had left them; yet this medicine did not cost us more than 2s. 6d.

The success of the medicine amongst the poor in this village is very great; very many individuals, and some whole families, never think of seeking any other aid. In some cases where other medical aid has been procured (through that impatience which is so natural to us all in illness), a return to the use of pills has been attended with complete success. I will mention one case.

Nancy W., aged 21, a weaver, was afflicted in a way not uncommon to females, by a suspension of those ordinary functions whereby health is preserved to the female sex; after using the pills for a month or two, she was induced to have other assistance; her parents and relatives all said she was going into a weakness or decline, the medical man seemed to entertain the same idea; after a few weeks, and still continuing to be as bad or worse, I again recommended her to try the Pills, and promised to supply her with all she required if she would persevere till she was restored; she consented, and by an increasing and decreasing use of the Vegetable Medicine, advancing to six or eight and decreasing to two, after five months' derangement of the system she was completely restored. The quantity of Pills sent to me within the last twelve months will prove the estimation in which they are held in this place.

Excuse haste and brevity, and believe me yours truly,
ALFRED HEWLETT.

Messrs. Morison, British College of Health,
New-road, London.

If such spontaneous disinterested testimony from all parts of the world does not prove, beyond doubt, that the poisons held out "medicinally" by dishonest and low doctors are unnecessary in the practice of medicine, why then we say no more. Let it be remembered that the very church itself is dragged in by dishonest doctors in their crusade against medical liberty, by the Act which forbids Christian burial, unless the friends of the defunct have the certificate of the doctor as to the cause of death. What must clergymen like Mr. Hewlett, and the other members of the church who have such unbounded faith in the Hygeian system, think of this precious manœuvre to prop up the false and interested theory of doctors? Surely there is a God? and as surely will there be a day of judgment!

Hygeian Agent for Manchester, Mr. James Hibbert, 54, Bridge-street, and 36, Oldham-street,—a cured patient.

CAUTION.—No chemist or druggist is allowed to sell Morison's Pills—Messrs. Morison being of opinion that no person should dispose of a medicine who is not practically acquainted with its effects. The following cured patients sell Morison's Pills, viz.:

The Hygeist Office, 368, Strand, five doors east of Exeter-hall; Mr. Field, bookseller, 65, Quadrant, Regent-street; Mr. Lofts, 1, Paik-place, Mile-end-road; Mr. Chappell, bookseller, 84, Lombard-street, City; Miss Baucher, tobacconist, 128, Tottenham-court-road; Mrs. Good, 53, Cambridge-street, Edge-ware-road; and Mrs. Langley, 53, Great Chart-street Hoxton.

HONNOR'S NEWLY-INVENTED "PASSE-PARTOUT"
REGISTERED COAT.

"The attention of the fashionable world has lately been directed to a novelty in wearing apparel under the above appellation, which, from its elegance of appearance, and symmetry of design, bids fair to surpass the long-worn Paletôt, and other Coats of a similar description.

"The 'Passe-partout' is a correct and gentlemanly garment, and has the merit of imparting an easy grace to the figure. Whether as a walking, riding, or over coat, we consider the Passe-partout to be the nonpareil of the present day."—Extract from the *Gazette of Fashion*.

The REGISTERED PASSE-PARTOUT may be inspected at T. HONNOR'S Establishment, 67, Leadenhall-street, (made from any fabric). Of the Llama cloth from Two Guineas and upwards, made and trimmed in the very best manner.

**To those who study Economy in Furs, deal with
W. NODES.**

Genuine Working Furrier, 18, Norfolk Street, Middlesex Hospital.

A quantity of REGENT STREET SABLE VICTORINES, at 8s. 6d. each.

SOVEREIGN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

No. 5, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON.

Sir A. Brydges Henniker, Bart.
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Assurances granted on favourable terms.

The Rates of Premium, of which the following are specimens, are on the lowest scale consistent with security,

Annual Premiums for Assuring £100.									
Age.	For One Year.			For Seven Years.			For Whole Life.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
20	1	1	0	1	1	8	1	13	7

A new plan of Accumulative Assurance, by depositing instead of paying Premiums, thus:—
By the *Deposit Plan*, commencing at the age 20—

By the *Deposit Plan*, commencing at the age 20, £40 per Annum secures the Assured at the age of

29 a Policy for			£	s.	d.	50 " " " " "			£	s.	d.
39	"	"	949	16	4	59	"	"	3111	19	8
49	"	"	1779	1	0	69	"	"	3650	9	0
			2495	0	0						

Deferred Annuities, to commence at any specified age, granted either with or without return of the Premiums, in case the age at which the annuity is to commence is not attained.

H. D. DAVENPORT, Secretary.

REFORM YOUR TAILORS' BILLS.
DOUDNEY & SON, 49, LOMBARD STREET.
ESTABLISHED 1784.

STOOPING OF THE SHOULDERS & CONTRACTION OF THE CHEST



Are entirely prevented, and gently and effectually removed in Youth, and Ladies and Gentlemen, by the occasional use of the **IMPROVED ELASTIC CHEST EXPANDER**, which is light, simple, easily applied, either above or beneath the dress, and worn without any uncomfortable constraint or impediment to exercise. To Young Persons especially it is highly beneficial, immediately producing an evident **IMPROVEMENT** in the **FIGURE**, and tending greatly to prevent the incursion of **PULMONARY DISEASES**; whilst to the Invalid, and those much engaged in sedentary pursuits, such as Reading or Studying, Working, Drawing, or Music, it is found to be invaluable, as it expands the Chest and affords a great support to the back. It is made in Silk; and can be forwarded, per post, by **Mr. ALFRED BINYON**, *Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor*, **No. 40, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London**; or full particulars, with Prices and Mode of Measurement, on receipt of a Postage Stamp.



UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.



PERFECT FREEDOM FROM COUGHS IN TEN MINUTES.

AN INSTANT RELIEF AND A RAPID CURE OF

ASTHMA & CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,

AND ALL DISORDERS OF THE BREATH AND LUNGS ARE INSURED BY

DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.

The truly wonderful powers of this remedy have called forth testimonials from all ranks of Society, in all quarters of the world.

Rapid cure of Asthma of 14 years' standing.

From Mr. J. E. BIGNELL, Holyhead-road, Wednesday, and addressed to Mr. LADBURY, there.

Sept. 16, 1845.

Sir,—When I had the first box of Dr. Locock's Wafers from you, I was labouring under one of those attacks of asthma to which I have been subject now for about fourteen years. I have had the best medical advice the neighbourhood could afford, including two physicians at Birmingham, and one at Wolverhampton, but with no success. My breathing was so very difficult that I expected every inspiration to be my last; for as sleep, that was impossible, and had been so for several weeks.

The first dose (ONLY TWO SMALL WAFERS) gave me great relief—the second more so,—in short, the first box laid the groundwork for the cure, which only four boxes have effected, and I am now quite well.

I remain, Sir, your most obliged,

J. E. BIGNELL.

Cure of long-standing Cough.

From Mr. JAMES SIMPSON, 82, Seymour-place, Bryanston-square. December 23, 1845.

Gentlemen,—I have been afflicted for many years with a most severe cough (which was always said to be consumptive), and for which I never found a remedy until I used your wafers, which, from the benefit I have received from them, I shall most strongly recommend to any one afflicted as I was.

Important to all who Sing.

From S. PEARSALL, Esq., of Her Majesty's concerts, and Vicar-choral of Lichfield Cathedral.

Lichfield, July 10, 1845.

Gentlemen,—A lady of distinction having pointed out to me the qualities of Dr. Locock's Wafers, I was induced to make trial of a box, and from this trial I am happy to give my testimonial in their favour. I find by allowing a few of the wafers (taken in the course of the day) to gradually dissolve in the mouth, my voice becomes bright and clear, and the tone full and distinct.

They are decidedly the most efficacious of any I have ever used.

(Signed)

SAMUEL PEARSALL.

The particulars of hundreds of Cures may be had from every Agent throughout the Kingdom.

Dr. LOCOCK'S WAFERS give instant relief, and a rapid Cure of Asthmas, Consumptions, Coughs, Colds, and all Disorders of the Breath and Lungs.

TO SINGERS AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS they are invaluable, as in a few hours they remove all hoarseness, and wonderfully increase the power and flexibility of the voice.

They have a pleasant taste. Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. per box.

AGENTS—DA SILVA & Co., 1, Bride-lane, Fleet-street, London.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors.

CAUTION.—To protect the public from spurious imitations, Her Majesty's Honourable Commissioners have caused to be printed on the stamp outside each box the words "DR. LOCOCK'S WAFERS," IN WHITE LETTERS ON A RED GROUND. If purchasers will attend to this caution, they will be sure to get the genuine article.

Important Testimonial.

From the Rev. OWEN THOMAS, Holyhead.

October 9, 1846.

Dear Sir,—Dr. Locock's Wafers do a great deal of good to my voice. I got a bad cold from a damp bed about twenty-five years ago, and my voice was very bad ever since; giving great pain to me when preaching or singing—and I am very fond of singing.

I used many different medicines, and some of them did good for a little time, but Dr. Locock's is the best for all—it clears my voice and stops the coughing instantly; I have never found anything yet to compare with it.

I have been thirty-three years a Wesleyan minister, and all the Wesleyan Methodists in the principality know me; twenty years of which I have lived at Holyhead, and I am known personally to all the first men of that body, many of whom have admired the effects of the wafers in clearing the voice and stopping the cough; they never got such medicine before. My wife, ever since Christmas, has been very well after taking two boxes. I am a witness of their power to stop a frightful fit of coughing in an instant.

I, as a Wesleyan preacher, call upon all preachers and singers of every denomination to take these wafers for improving the voice and curing coughs.

You may publish my testimonial for the excellent wafers, if you wish.

I am, yours truly,

OWEN THOMAS.

Cure of 50 Years' Asthma.

Extract of a letter from Mr. J. CUNNINGHAM, farmer, Ardingly, near Lindfield, Sussex.

September 26, 1846.

Sir,—I feel it a duty incumbent on me to inform you, for the benefit of others similarly afflicted, the astonishing relief afforded to my wife by Dr. Locock's Wafers.

She was affected with confirmed asthma for fifty years, from which her sufferings were dreadful. She was recommended last winter by a friend to try the wafers; she did so, and the effect was truly astonishing; indeed, the first box gave her immediate relief, &c.

(Signed)

JEREMIAH CUNNINGHAM.

THE GENTLEMAN'S REAL HEAD OF HAIR, or INVISIBLE PERUKE

The principle upon which this Peruke is made is so superior to everything yet produced, that the Manufacturer invites the honour of a visit from the Sceptic and the Connoisseur, that one may be convinced and the other gratified, by inspecting this and other novel and beautiful specimens of the Perruqueian Art, at the establishment of the Sole Inventor, F. BROWNE, 47, FENCHURCH-ST.

F. BROWNE'S INFALLIBLE MODE OF MEASURING THE HEAD.

Round the head in manner of a fillet, leaving the Ears loose	As dotted 1 to 1.	Inches.	Eighths
From the Forehead over to the poll, as deep each way as required	As dotted 2 to 2.		
From one Temple to the other, across the rise or Crown of the head to where the Hair grows	As marked 3 to 3.		



THE CHARGE FOR THIS UNIQUE HEAD OF HAIR ONLY £1 10s.



Brown 4s. 6d. per bottle.
Pale 5s. ditto.



3s. per bottle.



10s. per doz. large bottles
7s. per doz. small ditto
exclusive of carriage from
London.

"THE STANDARD OF COGNAC,"

WHICH IS THE BEST FOREIGN BRANDY.

THE PATENT BRANDY, AND THE GENUINE SELTERS WATER
protected by the Patent Metallic Capsule, the only sure and self-evident safeguard against adulteration, can be obtained throughout the Kingdom at the respective prices above mentioned, or at

7, SMITHFIELD BARS, AND 95, ST. JOHN'S STREET, LONDON.



THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE

Nos. 247 and 249, REGENT STREET, two doors from Oxford Street.

The Proprietors of the above Establishment beg leave to call the attention of the Nobility and Ladies to its great utility. It has ever been a source of inconvenience and regret, on occasions when Mourning Attire has been required, that its purchasers have at such a time been compelled to the painful necessity of proceeding from shop to shop in search of each distinct article of dress. This may be completely obviated by a visit to the London General Mourning Warehouse, where every description of Paramatta, Alapine, Bombasin, Merino, and Crape, for Mourning Dresses, Gloves, Hosiery, and Haberdashery, can be bought on the most reasonable terms, and where everything necessary for a complete Outfit of Mourning may be had, and made up, if required, by experienced Artists, with the strictest attention to taste, elegance, and economy. Widows' and Family Mourning is always kept made up, so that Ladies may by a Note, descriptive of Mourning required (either for themselves or household), have it forwarded to them in Town or Country immediately. Silks for slight or Complimentary Mourning, Printed Muslin Dresses, Mousselline de Laines, Barèges, and Evening Dresses, in the greatest variety

THE MILLINERY ROOMS

contain a beautiful assortment of Millinery, Head Dresses, Flowers, Crape and Muslin Collars, Berthes, & with every description of Jewellery for Mourning.





Paul and Mrs. Pipchord



Captain Cuttle consoles his Friends.



CHAPTER VIII.

PAUL'S FURTHER PROGRESS, GROWTH, AND CHARACTER.

BENEATH the watching and attentive eyes of Time—so far another Major—Paul's clumbers gradually changed. More and more light broke

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being any other man's widow—whose application for an engagement in Mr. Dombey's service had been favorably considered, on account of the apparent impossibility of her having any followers, or any one to follow; and who, from within a day or two of Paul's sharp weaning, had been engaged as his nurse. Mrs. Wickam was a meek woman, of a fair complexion, with her eyebrows always elevated, and her head always drooping; who was always ready to pity herself, or to be pitied, or to pity anybody else; and who had a surprising natural gift of viewing all subjects in an utterly forlorn and pitiable light, and bringing dreadful precedents to bear upon them, and deriving the greatest consolation from the exercise of that talent.

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CHAPTER VIII.

PAUL'S FURTHER PROGRESS, GROWTH, AND CHARACTER.

BENEATH the watching and attentive eyes of Time—so far another Major—Paul's slumbers gradually changed. More and more light broke in upon them; distincter and distincter dreams disturbed them; an accumulating crowd of objects and impressions swarmed about his rest; and so he passed from babyhood to childhood, and became a talking, walking, wondering Dombey.

On the downfall and banishment of Richards, the nursery may be said to have been put into commission; as a Public Department is sometimes, when no individual Atlas can be found to support it. The Commissioners were, of course, Mrs. Chick and Miss Tox: who devoted themselves to their duties with such astonishing ardor that Major Bagstock had every day some new reminder of his being forsaken, while Mr. Chick, bereft of domestic supervision, cast himself upon the gay world, dined at clubs and coffee-houses, smelt of smoke on three distinct occasions, went to the play by himself, and in short, loosened (as Mrs. Chick once told him) every social bond, and moral obligation.

Yet, in spite of his early promise, all this vigilance and care could not make little Paul a thriving boy. Naturally delicate, perhaps, he pined and wasted after the dismissal of his nurse, and, for a long time, seemed but to wait his opportunity of gliding through their hands, and seeking his lost mother. This dangerous ground in his steeple-chase towards manhood passed, he still found it very rough riding, and was grievously beset by all the obstacles in his course. Every tooth was a break-neck fence, and every pimple in the measles a stone wall to him. He was down in every fit of the whooping-cough, and rolled upon and crushed by a whole field of small diseases, that came trooping on each other's heels to prevent his getting up again. Some bird of prey got into his throat instead of the thrush; and the very chickens turning ferocious—if they have anything to do with that infant malady to which they lend their name—worried him like tiger-cats.

The chill of Paul's christening had struck home, perhaps, to some sensitive part of his nature, which could not recover itself in the cold shade of his father; but he was an unfortunate child from that day. Mrs. Wickam often said she never see a dear so put upon.

Mrs. Wickam was a waiter's wife—which would seem equivalent to being any other man's widow—whose application for an engagement in Mr. Dombey's service had been favorably considered, on account of the apparent impossibility of her having any followers, or any one to follow; and who, from within a day or two of Paul's sharp weaning, had been engaged as his nurse. Mrs. Wickam was a meek woman, of a fair complexion, with her eyebrows always elevated, and her head always drooping; who was always ready to pity herself, or to be pitied, or to pity anybody else; and who had a surprising natural gift of viewing all subjects in an utterly forlorn and pitiable light, and bringing dreadful precedents to bear upon them, and deriving the greatest consolation from the exercise of that talent.

It is hardly necessary to observe, that no touch of this quality ever

reached the magnificent knowledge of Mr. Dombey. It would have been remarkable, indeed, if any had; when no one in the house—not even Mrs. Chick or Miss Tox—dared ever whisper to him that there had, on any one occasion, been the least reason for uneasiness in reference to little Paul. He had settled, within himself, that the child must necessarily pass through a certain routine of minor maladies, and that the sooner he did so the better. If he could have bought him off, or provided a substitute, as in the case of an unlucky drawing for the militia, he would have been glad to do so, on liberal terms. But as this was not feasible, he merely wondered, in his haughty manner, now and then, what Nature meant by it; and comforted himself with the reflection that there was another milestone passed upon the road, and that the great end of the journey lay so much the nearer. For the feeling uppermost in his mind, now and constantly intensifying, and increasing in it as Paul grew older, was impatience. Impatience for the time to come, when his visions of their united consequence and grandeur would be triumphantly realized.

Some philosophers tell us that selfishness is at the root of our best loves and affections. Mr. Dombey's young child was, from the beginning, so distinctly important to him as a part of his own greatness, or (which is the same thing) of the greatness of Dombey and Son, that there is no doubt his parental affection might have been easily traced, like many a goodly superstructure of fair fame, to a very low foundation. But he loved his son with all the love he had. If there were a warm place in his frosty heart, his son occupied it; if its very hard surface could receive the impression of any image, the image of that son was there; though not so much as an infant, or as a boy, but as a grown man—the “Son” of the Firm. Therefore he was impatient to advance into the future, and to hurry over the intervening passages of his history. Therefore he had little or no anxiety about them, in spite of his love; feeling as if the boy had a charmed life, and *must* become the man with whom he held such constant communication in his thoughts, and for whom he planned and projected, as for an existing reality, every day.

Thus Paul grew to be nearly five years old. He was a pretty little fellow; though there was something wan and wistful in his small face, that gave occasion to many significant shakes of Mrs. Wickam's head, and many long-drawn inspirations of Mrs. Wickam's breath. His temper gave abundant promise of being imperious in after life; and he had as hopeful an apprehension of his own importance, and the rightful subservience of all other things and persons to it, as heart could desire. He was childish and sportive enough at times, and not of a sullen disposition; but he had a strange, old-fashioned, thoughtful way, at other times, of sitting brooding in his miniature arm-chair, when he looked (and talked) like one of those terrible little Beings in the Fairy tales, who, at a hundred and fifty or two hundred years of age, fantastically represent the children for whom they have been substituted. He would frequently be stricken with this precocious mood upstairs in the nursery; and would sometimes lapse into it suddenly, exclaiming that he was tired: even while playing with Florence, or driving Miss Tox in single harness. But at no time did he fall into it so surely, as when, his little chair being carried down into his father's room, he sat there with him after dinner, by the fire. They were the strangest pair at such a time that ever firelight shone upon. Mr. Dombey so erect

and solemn, gazing at the blaze; his little image, with an old, old, face, peering into the red perspective with the fixed and rapt attention of a sage. Mr. Dombey entertaining complicated worldly schemes and plans; the little image entertaining Heaven knows what wild fancies, half-formed thoughts, and wandering speculations. Mr. Dombey stiff with starch and arrogance; the little image by inheritance, and in unconscious imitation. The two so very much alike, and yet so monstrously contrasted.

On one of these occasions, when they had both been perfectly quiet for a long time, and Mr. Dombey only knew that the child was awake by occasionally glancing at his eye, where the bright fire was sparkling like a jewel, little Paul broke silence thus:

"Papa! what's money?"

The abrupt question had such immediate reference to the subject of Mr. Dombey's thoughts, that Mr. Dombey was quite disconcerted.

"What is money, Paul?" he answered. "Money?"

"Yes," said the child, laying his hands upon the elbows of his little chair, and turning the old face up towards Mr. Dombey's; "what is money?"

Mr. Dombey was in a difficulty. He would have liked to give him some explanation involving the terms circulating-medium, currency, depreciation of currency, paper, bullion, rates of exchange, value of precious metals in the market, and so forth; but looking down at the little chair, and seeing what a long way down it was, he answered: "Gold, and silver, and copper. Guineas, shillings, half-pence. You know what they are?"

"Oh yes, I know what they are," said Paul. "I don't mean that, Papa. I mean, what's money after all?"

Heaven and Earth, how old his face was as he turned it up again towards his father's!

"What is money after all!" said Mr. Dombey, backing his chair a little, that he might the better gaze in sheer amazement at the presumptuous atom that propounded such an inquiry.

"I mean, Papa, what can it do?" returned Paul, folding his arms (they were hardly long enough to fold), and looking at the fire, and up at him, and at the fire, and up at him again.

Mr. Dombey drew his chair back to its former place, and patted him on the head. "You'll know better bye-and-bye, my man," he said. "Money, Paul, can do anything." He took hold of the little hand, and beat it softly against one of his own as he said so.

But Paul got his hand free as soon as he could; and rubbing it gently to and fro on the elbow of his chair, as if his wit were in the palm, and he were sharpening it—and looking at the fire again, as though the fire had been his adviser and prompter—repeated, after a short pause:

"Anything, Papa?"

"Yes. Anything—almost," said Mr. Dombey.

"Anything means everything, don't it, Papa?" asked his son: 'not observing, or possibly not understanding, the qualification.

"It includes it: yes," said Mr. Dombey.

"Why didn't money save me my mama?" returned the child. "It isn't cruel, is it?"

"Cruel!" said Mr. Dombey, settling his neckcloth, and seeming to resent the idea. "No. A good thing can't be cruel."

"If it's a good thing, and can do anything," said the little fellow

thoughtfully, as he looked back at the fire, "I wonder why it didn't save me my mama."

He didn't ask the question of his father this time. Perhaps he had seen, with a child's quickness, that it had already made his father uncomfortable. But he repeated the thought aloud, as if it were quite an old one to him, and had troubled him very much; and sat with his chin resting on his hand, still cogitating and looking for an explanation in the fire.

Mr. Dombey having recovered from his surprise, not to say his alarm (for it was the very first occasion on which the child had ever broached the subject of his mother to him, though he had had him sitting by his side, in this same manner, evening after evening), expounded to him how that money, though a very potent spirit, never to be disparaged on any account whatever, could not keep people alive whose time was come to die; and how that we must all die, unfortunately, even in the city, though we were never so rich. But how that money caused us to be honored, feared, respected, courted, and admired, and made us powerful and glorious in the eyes of all men; and how that it could, very often, even keep off death, for a long time together. How, for example, it had secured to his mama the services of Mr. Pilkins, by which he, Paul, had often profited himself; likewise of the great Doctor Parker Peps, whom he had never known. And how it could do all, that could be done. This, with more to the same purpose, Mr. Dombey instilled into the mind of his son, who listened attentively, and seemed to understand the greater part of what was said to him.

"It can't make me strong and quite well, either, Papa; can it?" asked Paul, after a short silence: rubbing his tiny hands.

"Why, you *are* strong and quite well," returned Mr. Dombey. "Are you not?"

Oh! the age of the face that was turned up again, with an expression, half of melancholy, half of slyness, on it!

"You are as strong and well as such little people usually are? Eh?" said Mr. Dombey.

"Florence is older than I am, but I'm not as strong and well as Florence, I know," returned the child; "and I believe that when Florence was as little as me, she could play a great deal longer at a time without tiring herself. I am so tired sometimes," said little Paul, warming his hands, and looking in between the bars of the grate, as if some ghostly puppet-show were performing there, "and my bones ache so (Wickam says it's my bones), that I don't know what to do."

"Aye! But that's at night," said Mr. Dombey, drawing his own chair closer to his son's, and laying his hand gently on his back; "little people should be tired at night, for then they sleep well."

"Oh, it's not at night, Papa," returned the child, "it's in the day; and I lie down in Florence's lap, and she sings to me. At night I dream about such cu-ri-ous things!"

And he went on, warming his hands again, and thinking about them, like an old man or a young goblin.

Mr. Dombey was so astonished, and so uncomfortable, and so perfectly at a loss how to pursue the conversation, that he could only sit looking at his son by the light of the fire, with his hand resting on his back, as if it were detained there by some magnetic attraction. Once he advanced his other hand, and turned the contemplative face towards his own for a

moment. But it sought the fire again as soon as he released it; and remained, addressed towards the flickering blaze, until the nurse appeared, to summon him to bed.

"I want Florence to come for me," said Paul.

"Won't you come with your poor Nurse Wickam, Master Paul?" inquired that attendant, with great pathos.

"No, I won't," replied Paul, composing himself in his arm-chair again, like the master of the house.

Invoking a blessing upon his innocence, Mrs. Wickam withdrew, and presently Florence appeared in her stead. The child immediately started up with sudden readiness and animation, and raised towards his father in bidding him good night, a countenance so much brighter, so much younger, and so much more child-like altogether, that Mr. Dombey, while he felt greatly re-assured by the change, was quite amazed at it.

After they had left the room together, he thought he heard a soft voice singing; and remembering that Paul had said his sister sung to him, he had the curiosity to open the door and listen, and look after them. She was toiling up the great, wide, vacant staircase, with him in her arms; his head was lying on her shoulder, one of his arms thrown negligently round her neck. So they went, toiling up; she singing all the way, and Paul sometimes crooning out a feeble accompaniment. Mr. Dombey looked after them until they reached the top of the staircase—not without halting to rest by the way—and passed out of his sight; and then he still stood gazing upward, until the dull rays of the moon, glimmering in a melancholy manner through the dim skylight, sent him back to his own room.

Mrs. Chick and Miss Tox were convoked in council at dinner next day; and when the cloth was removed, Mr. Dombey opened the proceedings by requiring to be informed, without any gloss or reservation, whether there was anything the matter with Paul, and what Mr. Pilkins said about him.

"For the child is hardly," said Mr. Dombey, "as stout as I could wish."

"With your usual happy discrimination, my dear Paul," returned Mrs. Chick, "you have hit the point at once. Our darling is *not* altogether as stout as we could wish. The fact is, that his mind is too much for him. His soul is a great deal too large for his frame. I am sure the way in which that dear child talks!" said Mrs. Chick, shaking her head; "no one would believe. His expressions, Lucretia, only yesterday upon the subject of Funerals!—"

"I am afraid," said Mr. Dombey, interrupting her testily, "that some of those persons upstairs suggest improper subjects to the child. He was speaking to me last night about his—about his Bones," said Mr. Dombey, laying an irritated stress upon the word. "What on earth has anybody to do with the—with the—Bones of my son? He is not a living skeleton, I suppose."

"Very far from it," said Mrs. Chick, with unspeakable expression.

"I hope so," returned her brother. "Funerals again! who talks to the child of funerals? We are not undertakers, or mutes, or grave-diggers, I believe."

"Very far from it," interposed Mrs. Chick, with the same profound expression as before.

"Then who puts such things into his head?" said Mr. Dombey.

"Really I was quite dismayed and shocked last night. Who puts such things into his head, Louisa?"

"My dear Paul," said Mrs. Chick, after a moment's silence, "it is of no use inquiring. I do not think, I will tell you candidly, that Wickam is a person of very cheerful spirits, or what one would call a—"

"A daughter of Momus," Miss Tox softly suggested.

"Exactly so," said Mrs. Chick; "but she is exceedingly attentive and useful, and not at all presumptuous; indeed I never saw a more biddable woman. If the dear child," pursued Mrs. Chick, in the tone of one who was summing up what had been previously quite agreed upon, instead of saying it all for the first time, "is a little weakened by that last attack, and is not in quite such vigorous health as we could wish; and if he has some temporary weakness in his system, and does occasionally seem about to lose, for the moment, the use of his—"

Mrs. Chick was afraid to say limbs, after Mr. Dombey's recent objection to bones, and therefore waited for a suggestion from Miss Tox, who, true to her office, hazarded "members."

"Members!" repeated Mr. Dombey.

"I think the medical gentleman mentioned legs this morning, my dear Louisa, did he not," said Miss Tox.

"Why, of course he did, my love," retorted Mrs. Chick, mildly reproachful. "How can you ask me? You heard him. I say, if our dear Paul should lose, for the moment, the use of his legs, these are casualties common to many children at his time of life, and not to be prevented by any care or caution. The sooner you understand that, Paul, and admit that, the better."

"Surely you must know, Louisa," observed Mr. Dombey, "that I don't question your natural devotion to, and natural regard for, the future head of my house. Mr. Pilkins saw Paul this morning, I believe?" said Mr. Dombey.

"Yes, he did," returned his sister. "Miss Tox and myself were present. Miss Tox and myself are always present. We make a point of it. Mr. Pilkins has seen him for some days past, and a very clever man I believe him to be. He says it is nothing to speak of; which I can confirm, if that is any consolation; but he recommended, to-day, sea-air. Very wisely, Paul, I feel convinced."

"Sea-air," repeated Mr. Dombey, looking at his sister.

"There is nothing to be made uneasy by, in that," said Mrs. Chick. "My George and Frederick were both ordered sea-air, when they were about his age; and I have been ordered it myself a great many times. I quite agree with you, Paul, that perhaps topics may be incautiously mentioned upstairs before him, which it would be as well for his little mind not to expatiate upon; but I really don't see how that is to be helped, in the case of a child of his quickness. If he were a common child, there would be nothing in it. I must say I think, with Miss Tox, that a short absence from this house, the air of Brighton, and the bodily and mental training of so judicious a person as Mrs. Pipchin for instance—"

"Who is Mrs. Pipchin, Louisa?" asked Mr. Dombey; aghast at this amiliar introduction of a name he had never heard before.

"Mrs. Pipchin, my dear Paul," returned his sister, "is an elderly lady—Miss Tox knows her whole history—who has for some time devoted all the energies of her mind, with the greatest success, to the study and treat-

ment of infancy, and who has been extremely well connected. Her husband broke his heart in—how did you say her husband broke his heart, my dear? I forget the precise circumstances.”

“In pumping water out of the Peruvian Mines,” replied Miss Tox.

“Not being a Pumper himself, of course,” said Mrs. Chick, glancing at her brother; and it really did seem necessary to offer the explanation, for Miss Tox had spoken of him as if he had died at the handle; “but having invested money in the speculation, which failed. I believe that Mrs. Pipchin’s management of children is quite astonishing. I have heard it commended in private circles ever since I was—dear me—how high!” Mrs. Chick’s eye wandered round the bookcase near the bust of Mr. Pitt, which was about ten feet from the ground.

“Perhaps I should say of Mrs. Pipchin, my dear Sir,” observed Miss Tox, with an ingenuous blush, “having been so pointedly referred to, that the encomium which has been passed upon her by your sweet sister is well merited. Many ladies and gentlemen, now grown up to be interesting members of society, have been indebted to her care. The humble individual who addresses you was once under her charge. I believe juvenile nobility itself is no stranger to her establishment.”

“Do I understand that this respectable matron keeps an establishment, Miss Tox?” inquired Mr. Dombey, condescendingly.

“Why, I really don’t know,” rejoined that lady, “whether I am justified in calling it so. It is not a Preparatory School by any means. Should I express my meaning,” said Miss Tox, with peculiar sweetness, “if I designated it an infantine Boarding-House of a very select description?”

“On an exceedingly limited and particular scale,” suggested Mrs. Chick, with a glance at her brother.

“Oh! Exclusion itself!” said Miss Tox.

There was something in this. Mrs. Pipchin’s husband having broken his heart of the Peruvian mines was good. It had a rich sound. Besides, Mr. Dombey was in a state almost amounting to consternation at the idea of Paul remaining where he was one hour after his removal had been recommended by the medical practitioner. It was a stoppage and delay upon the road the child must traverse, slowly at the best, before the goal was reached. Their recommendation of Mrs. Pipchin had great weight with him; for he knew that they were jealous of any interference with their charge, and he never for a moment took it into account that they might be solicitous to divide a responsibility, of which he had, as shown just now, his own established views. Broke his heart of the Peruvian mines, mused Mr. Dombey. Well! a very respectable way of doing it.

“Supposing we should decide, on to-morrow’s inquiries, to send Paul down to Brighton to this lady, who would go with him?” inquired Mr. Dombey, after some reflection.

“I don’t think you could send the child anywhere at present without Florence, my dear Paul,” returned his sister, hesitating. “It’s quite an infatuation with him. He’s very young, you know, and has his fancies.”

Mr. Dombey turned his head away, and going slowly to the book-case, and unlocking it, brought back a book to read.

“Anybody else, Louisa?” he said, without looking up, and turning over the leaves.

“Wickam, of course. Wickam would be quite sufficient, I should say,”

returned his sister. "Paul being in such hands as Mrs. Pipchin's, you could hardly send anybody who would be a further check upon her. You would go down yourself once a-week at least, of course."

"Of course," said Mr. Dombey; and sat looking at one page for an hour afterwards, without reading one word.

This celebrated Mrs Pipchin was a marvellous ill-favored, ill-conditioned old lady, of a stooping figure, with a mottled face, like bad marble, a hook nose, and a hard grey eye, that looked as if it might have been hammered at on an anvil without sustaining any injury. Forty years at least had elapsed since the Peruvian mines had been the death of Mr. Pipchin; but his relict still wore black bombazeen, of such a lustreless, deep, dead, sombre shade, that gas itself couldn't light her up after dark, and her presence was a quencher to any number of candles. She was generally spoken of as "a great manager" of children; and the secret of her management was, to give them everything that they didn't like, and nothing that they did—which was found to sweeten their dispositions very much. She was such a bitter old lady, that one was tempted to believe there had been some mistake in the application of the Peruvian machinery, and that all her waters of gladness and milk of human kindness had been pumped out dry, instead of the mines.

The Castle of this ogress and child-queller was in a steep bye-street at Brighton; where the soil was more than usually chalky, flinty, and sterile, and the houses were more than usually brittle and thin; where the small front-gardens had the unaccountable property of producing nothing but marigolds, whatever was sown in them; and where snails were constantly discovered holding on to the street doors, and other public places they were not expected to ornament, with the tenacity of cupping-glasses. In the winter time the air couldn't be got out of the Castle, and in the summer-time it couldn't be got in. There was such a continual reverberation of wind in it, that it sounded like a great shell, which the inhabitants were obliged to hold to their ears night and day, whether they liked it or no. It was not, naturally, a fresh-smelling house; and in the window of the front parlour, which was never opened, Mrs. Pipchin kept a collection of plants in pots, which imparted an earthy flavor of their own to the establishment. However choice examples of their kind, too, these plants were of a kind peculiarly adapted to the embowerment of Mrs. Pipchin. There were half-a-dozen specimens of the cactus, writhing round bits of lath, like hairy serpents; another specimen shooting out broad claws, like a green lobster; several creeping vegetables, possessed of sticky and adhesive leaves; and one uncomfortable flower-pot hanging to the ceiling, which appeared to have boiled over, and tickling people underneath with its long green ends, reminded them of spiders—in which Mrs. Pipchin's dwelling was uncommonly prolific, though perhaps it challenged competition still more proudly, in the season, in point of earwigs.

Mrs. Pipchin's scale of charges being high, however, to all who could afford to pay, and Mrs. Pipchin very seldom sweetening the equable acidity of her nature in favor of anybody, she was held to be an old lady of remarkable firmness, who was quite scientific in her knowledge of the childish character. On this reputation, and on the broken heart of Mr. Pipchin, she had contrived, taking one year with another, to eke out a tolerably sufficient living, since her husband's demise. Within three days after Mrs.

Chick's first allusion to her, this excellent old lady had the satisfaction of anticipating a handsome addition to her current receipts, from the pocket of Mr. Dombey; and of receiving Florence and her little brother Paul, as inmates of the Castle.

Mrs. Chick and Miss Tox, who had brought them down on the previous night (which they all passed at an Hotel), had just driven away from the door, on their journey home again; and Mrs. Pipchin, with her back to the fire, stood, reviewing the new-comers, like an old soldier. Mrs. Pipchin's middle-aged niece, her good-natured and devoted slave, but possessing a gaunt and iron-bound aspect, and much afflicted with boils on her nose, was divesting Master Bitherstone of the clean collar he had worn on parade. Miss Pankey, the only other little boarder at present, had that moment been walked off to the Castle Dungeon (an empty apartment at the back, devoted to correctional purposes), for having sniffed thrice, in the presence of visitors.

"Well, Sir," said Mrs. Pipchin to Paul, "how do you think you shall like me?"

"I don't think I shall like you at all," replied Paul. "I want to go away. This isn't my house."

"No. It's mine," retorted Mrs. Pipchin.

"It's a very nasty one," said Paul.

"There's a worse place in it than this though," said Mrs. Pipchin, "where we shut up our bad boys."

"Has *he* ever been in it?" asked Paul: pointing out Master Bitherstone.

Mrs. Pipchin nodded assent; and Paul had enough to do, for the rest of that day, in surveying Master Bitherstone from head to foot, and watching all the workings of his countenance, with the interest attaching to a boy of mysterious and terrible experiences.

At one o'clock there was a dinner, chiefly of the farinaceous and vegetable kind, when Miss Pankey (a mild little blue-eyed morsel of a child, who was shampoo'd every morning, and seemed in danger of being rubbed away, altogether) was led in from captivity by the ogress herself, and instructed that nobody who sniffed before visitors ever went to Heaven. When this great truth had been thoroughly impressed upon her, she was regaled with rice; and subsequently repeated the form of grace established in the Castle, in which there was a special clause, thanking Mrs. Pipchin for a good dinner. Mrs. Pipchin's niece, Berinthia, took cold pork. Mrs. Pipchin, whose constitution required warm nourishment, made a special repast of mutton-chops, which were brought in hot and hot, between two plates, and smelt very nice.

As it rained after dinner, and they couldn't go out walking on the beach, and Mrs. Pipchin's constitution required rest after chops, they went away with Berry (otherwise Berinthia) to the Dungeon; an empty room looking out upon a chalk wall and a water-butt, and made ghastly by a ragged fireplace without any stove in it. Enlivened by company, however, this was the best place after all; for Berry played with them there, and seemed to enjoy a game at romps as much as they did; until Mrs. Pipchin knocking angrily at the wall, like the Cock Lane Ghost revived, they left off, and Berry told them stories in a whisper until twilight.

For, tea there was plenty of milk and water, and bread and butter, with

a little black tea-pot for Mrs. Pipchin and Berry, and buttered toast unlimited for Mrs. Pipchin, which was brought in, hot and hot, like the chops. Though Mrs. Pipchin got very greasy, outside, over this dish, it didn't seem to lubricate her, internally, at all; for she was as fierce as ever, and the hard grey eye knew no softening.

After tea, Berry brought out a little workbox, with the Royal Pavilion on the lid, and fell to working busily; while Mrs. Pipchin, having put on her spectacles and opened a great volume bound in green baize, began to nod. And whenever Mrs. Pipchin caught herself falling forward into the fire, and woke up, she fillicked Master Bitherstone on the nose for nodding too.

At last it was the children's bed time, and after prayers they went to bed. As little Miss Pankey was afraid of sleeping alone in the dark, Mrs. Pipchin always made a point of driving her up stairs herself, like a sheep; and it was cheerful to hear Miss Pankey moaning long afterwards, in the least eligible chamber, and Mrs. Pipchin now and then going in to shake her. At about half-past nine o'clock the odour of a warm sweet-bread (Mrs. Pipchin's constitution wouldn't go to sleep without sweet-bread) diversified the prevailing fragrance of the house, which Mrs. Wickam said was "a smell of building;" and slumber fell upon the Castle shortly after.

The breakfast next morning was like the tea over night, except that Mrs. Pipchin took her roll instead of toast, and seemed a little more irate when it was over. Master Bitherstone read aloud to the rest a pedigree from Genesis (judiciously selected by Mrs. Pipchin), getting over the names with the ease and clearness of a person tumbling up the treadmill. That done, Miss Pankey was borne away to be shampoo'd; and Master Bitherstone to have something else done to him with salt water, from which he always returned very blue and dejected. Paul and Florence went out in the meantime on the beach with Wickam—who was constantly in tears—and at about noon Mrs. Pipchin presided over some early readings. It being a part of Mrs. Pipchin's system not to encourage a child's mind to develop and expand itself like a young flower, but to open it by force like an oyster, the moral of these lessons was usually of a violent and stunning character: the hero—a naughty boy—seldom, in the mildest catastrophe, being finished off by anything less than a lion, or a bear.

Such was life at Mrs. Pipchin's. On Saturday Mr. Dombey came down; and Florence and Paul would go to his Hotel, and have tea. They passed the whole of Sunday with him, and generally rode out before dinner; and on these occasions Mr. Dombey seemed to grow, like Falstaff's assailants, and instead of being one man in buckram, to become a dozen. Sunday evening was the most melancholy evening in the week; for Mrs. Pipchin always made a point of being particularly cross on Sunday nights. Miss Pankey was generally brought back from an aunt's at Rottendean, in deep distress; and Master Bitherstone, whose relatives were all in India, and who was required to sit, between the services, in an erect position with his head against the parlor wall neither moving hand nor foot, suffered so acutely in his young spirits that he once asked Florence, on a Sunday night, if she could give him any idea of the way back to Bengal.

But it was generally said that Mrs. Pipchin was a woman of system with children; and no doubt she was. Certainly the wild ones went home tame enough, after sojourning for a few months beneath her hospitable roof.

It was generally said, too, that it was highly creditable of Mrs. Pipchin to

have devoted herself to this way of life, and to have made such a sacrifice of her feelings, and such a resolute stand against her troubles, when Mr. Pipchin broke his heart in the Peruvian mines.

At this exemplary old lady, Paul would sit staring in his little arm chair by the fire, for any length of time. He never seemed to know what weariness was, when he was looking fixedly at Mrs. Pipchin. He was not fond of her; he was not afraid of her; but in those old old moods of his, she seemed to have a grotesque attraction for him. There he would sit, looking at her, and warming his hands, and looking at her, until he sometimes quite confounded Mrs. Pipchin, Ogress as she was. Once she asked him, when they were alone, what he was thinking about.

"You," said Paul, without the least reserve.

"And what are you thinking about me?" asked Mrs. Pipchin.

"I am thinking how old you must be," said Paul.

"You mustn't say such things as that, young gentleman," returned the dame. "That 'll never do."

"Why not?" asked Paul.

"Because it's not polite," said Mrs. Pipchin, snappishly.

"Not polite?" said Paul.

"No."

"It's not polite," said Paul innocently, "to eat all the mutton-chops and toast, Wickam says."

"Wickam," retorted Mrs. Pipchin, coloring, "is a wicked, impudent, bold-faced hussy."

"What's that?" inquired Paul.

"Never you mind, Sir," retorted Mrs. Pipchin. "Remember the story of the little boy that was gored to death by a mad bull for asking questions."

"If the bull was mad," said Paul, "how did *he* know that the boy had asked questions? Nobody can go and whisper secrets to a mad bull. I don't believe that story."

"You don't believe it, Sir?" repeated Mrs. Pipchin, amazed.

"No," said Paul.

"Not if it should happen to have been a tame bull, you little Infidel?" said Mrs. Pipchin.

As Paul had not considered the subject in that light, and had founded his conclusions on the alleged lunacy of the bull, he allowed himself to be put down for the present. But he sat turning it over in his mind, with such an obvious intention of fixing Mrs. Pipchin presently, that even that hardy old lady deemed it prudent to retreat until he should have forgotten the subject.

From that time, Mrs. Pipchin appeared to have something of the same odd kind of attraction towards Paul, as Paul had towards her. She would make him move his chair to her side of the fire, instead of sitting opposite; and there he would remain in a nook between Mrs. Pipchin and the fender, with all the light of his little face absorbed into the black bombazeen drapery, studying every line and wrinkle of her countenance, and peering at the hard grey eye, until Mrs. Pipchin was sometimes fain to shut it, on pretence of dozing. Mrs. Pipchin had an old black cat, who generally lay coiled upon the centre foot of the fender, purring egotistically, and winking at the fire until the contracted pupils of his eyes were like two notes of admiration. The good old lady might have been—not to record it

disrespectfully—a witch, and Paul and the cat her two familiars, as they all sat by the fire together. It would have been quite in keeping with the appearance of the party if they had all sprung up the chimney in a high wind one night, and never been heard of any more.

This, however, never came to pass. The cat, and Paul, and Mrs. Pipchin, were constantly to be found in their usual places after dark; and Paul, eschewing the companionship of Master Bitherstone, went on studying Mrs. Pipchin, and the cat, and the fire, night after night, as if they were a book of necromancy, in three volumes.

Mrs. Wickam put her own construction on Paul's eccentricities; and being confirmed in her low spirits by a perplexed view of chimneys from the room where she was accustomed to sit, and by the noise of the wind, and by the general dullness (gashliness was Mrs. Wickam's strong expression) of her present life, deduced the most dismal reflections from the foregoing premises. It was a part of Mrs. Pipchin's policy to prevent her own "young hussy"—that was Mrs. Pipchin's generic name for female servant—from communicating with Mrs. Wickam: to which end she devoted much of her time to concealing herself behind doors, and springing out on that devoted maiden, whenever she made an approach towards Mrs. Wickam's apartment. But Berry was free to hold what converse she could in that quarter, consistently with the discharge of the multifarious duties at which she toiled incessantly from morning to night; and to Berry, Mrs. Wickam unburdened her mind.

"What a pretty fellow he is when he's asleep!" said Berry, stopping to look at Paul in bed, one night when she took up Mrs. Wickam's supper.

"Ah!" sighed Mrs. Wickam. "He need be."

"Why, he's not ugly when he's awake," observed Berry.

"No, Ma'am. Oh, no. No more was my uncle's Betsey Jane," said Mrs. Wickam.

Berry looked as if she would like to trace the connection of ideas between Paul Dombey, and Mrs. Wickam's uncle's Betsey Jane.

"My uncle's wife," Mrs. Wickam went on to say, "died just like his mama. My uncle's child took on just as Master Paul do. My uncle's child made people's blood run cold, sometimes, she did!"

"How?" asked Berry.

"I wouldn't have sat up all night alone with Betsey Jane!" said Mrs. Wickam, "not if you'd have put Wickam into business next morning for himself. I couldn't have done it, Miss Berry."

Miss Berry naturally asked why not? But Mrs. Wickam, agreeably to the usage of some ladies in her condition, pursued her own branch of the subject, without any compunction.

"Betsey Jane," said Mrs. Wickam, "was as sweet a child as I could wish to see. I couldn't wish to see a sweeter. Everything that a child could have in the way of illnesses, Betsey Jane had come through. The cramps was as common to her," said Mrs. Wickam, "as biles is to yourself, Miss Berry." Miss Berry involuntarily wrinkled her nose.

"But Betsey Jane," said Mrs. Wickam, lowering her voice, and looking round the room, and towards Paul in bed, "had been minded, in her cradle, by her departed mother. I couldn't say how, nor I couldn't say when, nor I couldn't say whether the dear child knew it or not, but Betsey Jane had been watched by her mother, Miss Berry! You may say

nonsense ! I an't offended, Miss. I hope you may be able to think in your own conscience that it *is* nonsense ; you'll find your spirits all the better for it in this—you'll excuse my being so free—in this burying-ground of a place ; which is wearing of me down. Master Paul's a little restless in his sleep. Pat his back, if you please."

"Of course you think," said Berry, gently doing what she was asked, "that *he* has been nursed by his mother, too?"

"Betsey Jane," returned Mrs. Wickam in her most solemn tones, "was put upon as that child has been put upon, and changed as that child has changed. I have seen her sit, often and often, think, think, thinking, like him. I have seen her look, often and often, old, old, old, like him. I have heard her, many a time, talk just like him. I consider that child and Betsey Jane on the same footing entirely, Miss Berry."

"Is your uncle's child alive?" asked Berry.

"Yes, Miss, she is alive," returned Mrs. Wickam with an air of triumph, for it was evident Miss Berry expected the reverse; "and is married to a silver-chaser. Oh yes, Miss, *SHE* is alive," said Mrs. Wickam, laying strong stress on her nominative case.

It being clear that somebody was dead, Mrs. Pipchin's niece inquired who it was.

"I wouldn't wish to make you uneasy," returned Mrs. Wickam, pursuing her supper. "Don't ask me."

This was the surest way of being asked again. Miss Berry repeated her question, therefore ; and after some resistance, and reluctance, Mrs. Wickam laid down her knife, and again glancing round the room and at Paul in bed, replied :

"She took fancies to people ; whimsical fancies, some of them ; others, affections that one might expect to see—only stronger than common. They all died."

This was so very unexpected and awful to Mrs. Pipchin's niece, that she sat upright on the hard edge of the bedstead, breathing short, and surveying her informant with looks of undisguised alarm.

Mrs. Wickam shook her left forefinger stealthily towards the bed where Florence lay ; then turned it upside down, and made several emphatic points at the floor ; immediately below which was the parlor in which Mrs. Pipchin habitually consumed the toast.

"Remember my words, Miss Berry," said Mrs. Wickam, "and be thankful that Master Paul is not too fond of you. I am, that he's not too fond of me, I assure you ; though there isn't much to live for—you'll excuse my being so free—in this jail of a house!"

Miss Berry's emotion might have led to her patting Paul too hard on the back, or might have produced a cessation of that soothing monotony, but he turned in his bed just now, and, presently awaking, sat up in it with his hair hot and wet from the effects of some childish dream, and asked for Florence.

She was out of her own bed at the first sound of his voice ; and bending over his pillow immediately, sang him to sleep again. Mrs. Wickam shaking her head, and letting fall several tears, pointed out the little group to Berry, and turned her eyes up to the ceiling.

"Good night, Miss !" said Wickam softly. "Good night ! Your aunt is a old lady, Miss Berry, and it's what you must have looked for, often."

This consolatory farewell, Mrs. Wickam accompanied with a look of heartfelt anguish; and being left alone with the two children again, and becoming conscious that the wind was blowing mournfully, she indulged in melancholy—that cheapest and most accessible of luxuries—until she was overpowered by slumber.

Although the niece of Mrs. Pipchin did not expect to find that exemplary dragon prostrate on the hearthrug when she went down stairs, she was relieved to find her unusually fractious and severe, and with every present appearance of intending to live a long time to be a comfort to all who knew her. Nor had she any symptoms of declining, in the course of the ensuing week, when the constitutional viands still continued to disappear in regular succession, notwithstanding that Paul studied her as attentively as ever, and occupied his usual seat between the black skirts and the fender, with unwavering constancy.

But as Paul himself was no stronger at the expiration of that time than he had been on his first arrival, though he looked much healthier in the face, a little carriage was got for him, in which he could lie at his ease, with an alphabet and other elementary works of reference, and be wheeled down to the sea-side. Consistent in his odd tastes, the child set aside a ruddy-faced lad who was proposed as the drawer of this carriage, and selected, instead, his grandfather—a weazen, old, crab-faced man, in a suit of battered oilskin, who had got tough and stringy from long pickling in salt water, and who smelt like a weedy sea-beach when the tide is out.

With this notable attendant to pull him along, and Florence always walking by his side, and the despondent Wickam bringing up the rear, he went down to the margin of the ocean every day; and there he would sit or lie in his carriage for hours together: never so distressed as by the company of children—Florence alone excepted, always.

“Go away, if you please,” he would say, to any child who came to bear him company. “Thank you, but I don’t want you.”

Some small voice, near his ear, would ask him how he was, perhaps.

“I am very well, I thank you,” he would answer. “But you had better go and play, if you please.”

Then he would turn his head, and watch the child away, and say to Florence, “We don’t want any others, do we? Kiss me, Floy.”

He had even a dislike, at such times, to the company of Wickam, and was well pleased when she strolled away, as she generally did, to pick up shells and acquaintances. His favorite spot was quite a lonely one, far away from most loungers; and with Florence sitting by his side at work, or reading to him, or talking to him, and the wind blowing on his face, and the water coming up among the wheels of his bed, he wanted nothing more.

“Floy,” he said one day, “where’s India, where that boy’s friends live?”

“Oh, it’s a long, long distance off,” said Florence, raising her eyes from her work.

“Weeks off?” asked Paul.

“Yes, dear. Many weeks’ journey, night and day.”

“If you were in India, Floy,” said Paul, after being silent for a minute, “I should—what is that Mama did? I forget.”

“Loved me!” answered Florence.

“No, no. Don’t I love you now, Floy? What is it?—Died. If you were in India, I should die, Floy.”

She hurriedly put her work aside, and laid her head down on his pillow, caressing him. And so would she, she said, if he were there. He would be better soon.

"Oh! I am a great deal better now!" he answered. "I don't mean that. I mean that I should die of being so sorry and so lonely, Floy!"

Another time, in the same place, he fell asleep, and slept quietly for a long time. Awaking suddenly, he listened, started up, and sat listening.

Florence asked him what he thought he heard.

"I want to know what it says," he answered, looking steadily in her face. "The sea, Floy, what is it that it keeps on saying?"

She told him that it was only the noise of the rolling waves.

"Yes, yes," he said. "But I know that they are always saying something. Always the same thing. What place is over there?" He rose up, looking eagerly at the horizon.

She told him that there was another country opposite, but he said he didn't mean that; he meant farther away—farther away!

Very often afterwards, in the midst of their talk, he would break off, to try to understand what it was that the waves were always saying; and would rise up in his couch to look towards that invisible region, far away.

CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH THE WOODEN MIDSHIPMAN GETS INTO TROUBLE.

THAT spice of romance and love of the marvellous, of which there was a pretty strong infusion in the nature of young Walter Gay, and which the guardianship of his uncle, old Solomon Gills, had not very much weakened by the waters of stern practical experience, was the occasion of his attaching an uncommon and delightful interest to the adventure of Florence with good Mrs. Brown. He pampered and cherished it in his memory, especially that part of it with which he had been associated: until it became the spoiled child of his fancy, and took its own way, and did what it liked with it.

The recollection of those incidents, and his own share in them, may have been made the more captivating, perhaps, by the weekly dreamings of old Sol and Captain Cuttle on Sundays. Hardly a Sunday passed, without mysterious references being made by one or other of those worthy chums to Richard Whittington; and the latter gentleman had even gone so far as to purchase a ballad of considerable antiquity, that had long fluttered among many others, chiefly expressive of maritime sentiments, on a dead wall in the Commercial Road: which poetical performance set forth the courtship and nuptials of a promising young coal-whipper with a certain "lovely Peg," the accomplished daughter of the master and part-owner of a Newcastle collier. In this stirring legend, Captain Cuttle deserved a profound metaphysical bearing on the case of Walter and Florence; and it excited him so much, that on very festive occasions, as birthdays and a few other non-Dominical holidays, he would roar through the whole song in the little back parlor; making an amazing shake on the word *Pe—e—eg*, with which every verse concluded, in compliment to the heroine of the piece.

But a frank, free-spirited, open-hearted boy, is not much given to analyzing the nature of his own feelings, however strong their hold upon him: and Walter would have found it difficult to decide this point. He had a great affection for the wharf where he had encountered Florence, and for the streets (albeit not enchanting in themselves) by which they had come home. The shoes that had so often tumbled off by the way, he preserved in his own room; and, sitting in the little back parlor of an evening, he had drawn a whole gallery of fancy portraits of good Mrs. Brown. It may be that he became a little smarter in his dress, after that memorable occasion; and he certainly liked in his leisure time to walk towards that quarter of the town where Mr. Dombey's house was situated, on the vague chance of passing little Florence in the street. But the sentiment of all this was as boyish and innocent as could be. Florence was very pretty, and it is pleasant to admire a pretty face. Florence was defenceless and weak, and it was a proud thought that he had been able to render her any protection and assistance. Florence was the most grateful little creature in the world, and it was delightful to see her bright gratitude beaming in her face. Florence was neglected and coldly looked upon, and his breast was full of youthful interest for the slighted child, in her dull, stately home.

Thus it came about that, perhaps some half-a-dozen times in the course of the year, Walter pulled off his hat to Florence in the street, and Florence would stop to shake hands. Mrs. Wickam (who, with a characteristic alteration of his name, invariably spoke of him as 'Young Graves') was so well used to this, knowing the story of their acquaintance, that she took no heed of it at all. Miss Nipper, on the other hand, rather looked out for these occasions: her sensitive young heart being secretly propitiated by Walter's good looks, and inclining to the belief that its sentiments were responded to.

In this way, Walter, so far from forgetting or losing sight of his acquaintance with Florence, only remembered it better and better. As to its adventurous beginning, and all those little circumstances which gave it a distinctive character and relish, he took them into account, more as a pleasant story very agreeable to his imagination, and not to be dismissed from it, than as a part of any matter of fact with which *he* was concerned. They set off Florence very much, to his fancy; but not himself. Sometimes he thought (and then he walked very fast) what a grand thing it would have been for him to have been going to sea on the day after that first meeting, and to have gone, and to have done wonders there, and to have stopped away a long time, and to have come back an Admiral of all the colors of the dolphin, or at least a Post-Captain with epaulettes of insupportable brightness, and have married Florence (then a beautiful young woman) in spite of Mr. Dombey's teeth, cravat, and watch-chain, and borne her away to the blue shores of somewhere or other, triumphantly. But these flights of fancy seldom burnished the brass plate of Dombey and Son's Offices into a tablet of golden hope, or shed a brilliant lustre on their dirty skylights; and when the Captain and Uncle Sol talked about Richard Whittington and masters' daughters, Walter felt that he understood his true position at Dombey and Son's, much better than they did.

So it was that he went on doing what he had to do from day to day, in a cheerful, pains-taking, merry spirit; and saw through the sanguine complexion of Uncle Sol and Captain Cuttle; and yet entertained a thousand

indistinct and visionary fancies of his own, to which theirs were work-a-day probabilities. Such was his condition at the Pipchin period, when he looked a little older than of yore, but not much; and was the same light-footed, light-hearted, light-headed lad, as when he charged into the parlor at the head of Uncle Sol and the imaginary boarders, and lighted him to bring up *the Madeira*.

"Uncle Sol," said Walter, "I don't think you're well. You haven't eaten any breakfast. I shall bring a doctor to you, if you go on like this."

"He can't give me what I want, my boy," said Uncle Sol. "At least he is in good practice if he can—and then he wouldn't."

"What is it, Uncle? Customers?"

"Aye," returned Solomon, with a sigh. "Customers would do."

"Confound it, Uncle!" said Walter, putting down his breakfast-cup with a clatter, and striking his hand on the table: "when I see the people going up and down the street in shoals all day, and passing and repassing the shop every minute, by scores, I feel half tempted to rush out, collar somebody, bring him in, and *make* him buy fifty pounds' worth of instruments for ready money. What are you looking in at the door for?—" continued Walter, apostrophizing an old gentleman with a powdered head (inaudibly to him of course), who was staring at a ship's telescope with all his might and main. "*That's* no use. I could do that. Come in and buy it!"

The old gentleman, however, having satiated his curiosity, walked calmly away.

"There he goes!" said Walter. "That's the way with 'em all. But uncle—I say, Uncle Sol"—for the old man was meditating, and had not responded to his first appeal. "Don't be cast down. Don't be out of spirits, Uncle. When orders *do* come, they'll come in such a crowd, you won't be able to execute 'em."

"I shall be past executing 'em, whenever they come, my boy," returned Solomon Gills. "They'll never come to this shop again, till I am out of it."

"I say, Uncle! You mustn't really, you know!" urged Walter. "Don't!"

Old Sol endeavoured to assume a cheery look, and smiled across the little table at him as pleasantly as he could.

"There's nothing more than usual the matter; is there, Uncle?" said Walter, leaning his elbows on the tea tray, and bending over, to speak the more confidentially and kindly. "Be open with me, Uncle, if there is, and tell me all about it."

"No, no, no," returned old Sol. "More than usual? No, no. What should there be the matter more than usual?"

Walter answered with an incredulous shake of his head. "That's what I want to know," he said, "and you ask *me*! I'll tell you what, Uncle, when I see you like this, I am quite sorry that I live with you."

Old Sol opened his eyes involuntarily.

"Yes. Though nobody ever was happier than I am and always have been with you, I am quite sorry that I live with you, when I see you with anything on your mind."

"I am a little dull at such times, I know," observed Solomon, meekly rubbing his hands.

"What I mean, Uncle Sol," pursued Walter, bending over a little more to pat him on the shoulder, "is, that then I feel you ought to have, sitting here and pouring out the tea instead of me, a nice little dumpling of a

wife, you know—a comfortable, capital, cosy old lady, who was just a match for you, and knew how to manage you, and keep you in good heart. Here am I, as loving a nephew as ever was (I am sure I ought to be!) but I am only a nephew, and I can't be such a companion to you when you're low and out of sorts as she would have made herself, years ago, though I'm sure I'd give any money if I could cheer you up. And so I say, when I see you with anything on your mind, that I feel quite sorry you haven't got somebody better about you than a blundering young rough-and-tough boy like me, who has got the will to console you, Uncle, but hasn't got the way—hasn't got the way," repeated Walter, reaching over further yet, to shake his uncle by the hand.

"Wally, my dear boy," said Solomon, "if the cosy little old lady had taken her place in this parlour five and forty years ago, I never could have been fonder of her than I am of you."

"I know that, Uncle Sol," returned Walter. "Lord bless you, I know that. But you wouldn't have had the whole weight of any uncomfortable secrets if she had been with you, because she would have known how to relieve you of 'em, and I don't."

"Yes, yes, you do," returned the instrument maker.

"Well then, what's the matter, Uncle Sol?" said Walter, coaxingly.

"Come! What's the matter?"

Solomon Gills persisted that there was nothing the matter; and maintained it so resolutely, that his nephew had no resource but to make a very indifferent imitation of believing him.

"All I can say is, Uncle Sol, that if there is ——"

"But there isn't," said Solomon.

"Very well," said Walter. "Then I've no more to say; and that's lucky, for my time's up for going to business. I shall look in bye-and-bye when I'm out, to see how you get on, Uncle. And mind, Uncle! I'll never believe you again, and never tell you anything more about Mr. Carker the Junior, if I find out that you have been deceiving me!"

Solomon Gills laughingly defied him to find out anything of the kind; and Walter, revolving in his thoughts all sorts of impracticable ways of making fortunes and placing the wooden midshipman in a position of independence, betook himself to the offices of Dombey and Son with a heavier countenance than he usually carried there.

There lived in those days, round the corner—in Bishopsgate Street Without—one Brogley, sworn broker and appraiser, who kept a shop where every description of second-hand furniture was exhibited in the most uncomfortable aspect, and under circumstances and in combinations the most completely foreign to its purpose. Dozens of chairs hooked on to washing-stands, which with difficulty poised themselves on the shoulders of sideboards, which in their turn stood upon the wrong side of dining-tables, gymnastic with their legs upward on the tops of other dining-tables, were among its most reasonable arrangements. A banquet array of dish-covers, wine-glasses, and decanters was generally to be seen, spread forth upon the bosom of a four post bedstead, for the entertainment of such genial company as half-a-dozen pokers, and a hall lamp. A set of window curtains with no windows belonging to them, would be seen gracefully draping a barricade of chests of drawers, loaded with little jars from chemists' shops; while a homeless hearthrug severed

from its natural companion the fireside, braved the shrewd east wind in its adversity, and trembled in melancholy accord with the shrill complainings of a cabinet piano, wasting away, a string a day, and faintly resounding to the noises of the street in its jangling and distracted brain. Of motionless clocks that never stirred a finger, and seemed as incapable of being successfully wound up, as the pecuniary affairs of their former owners, there was always great choice in Mr. Brogley's shop; and various looking-glasses accidentally placed at compound interest of reflection and refraction, presented to the eye an eternal perspective of bankruptcy and ruin.

Mr. Brogley himself was a moist-eyed, pink-complexioned, crisp-haired man, of a bulky figure and an easy temper—for that class of Caius Marius who sits upon the ruins of other people's Carthages, can keep up his spirits well enough. He had looked in at Solomon's shop sometimes, to ask a question about articles in Solomon's way of business; and Walter knew him sufficiently to give him good day when they met in the street. But as that was the extent of the broker's acquaintance with Solomon Gills also, Walter was not a little surprised when he came back in the course of the forenoon, agreeably to his promise, to find Mr. Brogley sitting in the back parlor with his hands in his pockets, and his hat hanging up behind the door.

"Well, Uncle Sol!" said Walter. The old man was sitting ruefully on the opposite side of the table, with his spectacles over his eyes, for a wonder, instead of on his forehead. "How are you now?"

Solomon shook his head, and waved one hand towards the broker, as introducing him.

"Is there anything the matter?" asked Walter, with a catching in his breath.

"No, no. There's nothing the matter," said Mr. Brogley. "Don't let it put you out of the way."

Walter looked from the broker to his uncle in mute amazement.

"The fact is," said Mr. Brogley, "there's a little payment on a bond debt—three hundred and seventy odd, over due: and I'm in possession."

"In possession!" cried Walter, looking round at the shop.

"Ah!" said Mr. Brogley, in confidential assent, and nodding his head as if he would urge the advisability of their all being comfortable together. "It's an execution. That's what it is. Don't let it put you out of the way. I come myself, because of keeping it quiet and sociable. You know me. It's quite private."

"Uncle Sol!" faltered Walter.

"Wally, my boy," returned his uncle. "It's the first time. Such a calamity never happened to me before. I'm an old man to begin." Pushing up his spectacles again (for they were useless any longer to conceal his emotion), he covered his face with his hand, and sobbed aloud, and his tears fell down upon his coffee-colored waistcoat.

"Uncle Sol! Pray! oh don't!" exclaimed Walter, who really felt a thrill of terror in seeing the old man weep. "For God's sake don't do that. Mr. Brogley, what shall I do?"

"I should recommend you looking up a friend or so," said Mr. Brogley, "and talking it over."

"To be sure!" cried Walter, catching at anything. "Certainly! Thankee. Captain Cuttle's the man, Uncle. Wait till I run to Captain Cuttle. Keep your eye upon my uncle, will you Mr. Brogley, and make

him as comfortable as you can while I am gone? Don't despair, Uncle Sol. Try and keep a good heart, there's a dear fellow!"

Saying this with great fervor, and disregarding the old man's broken remonstrances, Walter dashed out of the shop again as hard as he could go; and having hurried round to the office to excuse himself on the plea of his uncle's sudden illness, set off, full speed, for Captain Cuttle's residence.

Everything seemed altered as he ran along the streets. There was the usual entanglement and noise of carts, drays, omnibuses, waggons, and foot passengers, but the misfortune that had fallen on the wooden midshipman made it strange and new. Houses and shops were different from what they used to be, and bore Mr. Brogley's warrant on their fronts in large characters. The broker seemed to have got hold of the very churches; for their spires rose into the sky with an unwonted air. Even the sky itself was changed, and had an execution in it plainly.

Captain Cuttle lived on the brink of a little canal near the India Docks, where there was a swivel bridge which opened now and then to let some wandering monster of a ship come roaming up the street like a stranded leviathan. The gradual change from land to water, on the approach to Captain Cuttle's lodgings, was curious. It began with the erection of flag staffs, as appurtenances to public-houses; then came slopsellers' shops, with Guernsey shirts, sou'wester hats, and canvass pantaloons, at once the tightest and the loosest of their order, hanging up outside. These were succeeded by anchor and chain-cable forges, where sledge hammers were dinging upon iron all day long. Then came rows of houses, with little vane-surmounted masts uprearing themselves from among the scarlet beans. Then, ditches. Then, pollard willows. Then, more ditches. Then, unaccountable patches of dirty water, hardly to be desiered, for the ships that covered them. Then, the air was perfumed with chips; and all other trades were swallowed up in mast, oar, and block making, and boat building. Then, the ground grew marshy and unsettled. Then, there was nothing to be smelt but rum and sugar. Then, Captain Cuttle's lodgings—at once a first floor and a top story, in Brig Place—were close before you.

The Captain was one of those timber-looking men, suits of oak as well as hearts, whom it is almost impossible for the liveliest imagination to separate from any part of their dress, however insignificant. Accordingly, when Walter knocked at the door, and the Captain instantly poked his head out of one of his little front windows, and hailed him, with the hard glazed hat already on it, and the shirt-collar like a sail, and the wide suit of blue, all standing as usual, Walter was as fully persuaded that he was always in that state, as if the Captain had been a bird and those had been his feathers.

"Wal'r, my lad!" said Captain Cuttle. "Stand by and knock again. Hard! It's washing day."

Walter, in his impatience, gave a prodigious thump with the knocker.

"Hard it is!" said Captain Cuttle, and immediately drew in his head, as if he expected a squall.

Nor was he mistaken; for a widow lady with her sleeves rolled up to her shoulders, and her arms frothy with soap-suds and smoking with hot water, replied to the summons with startling rapidity. Before she looked at Walter she looked at the knocker, and then measuring him with her eyes from head to foot, said she wondered he had left any of it.

"Captain Cuttle's at home, I know," said Walter, with a conciliatory smile.

"Is he?" replied the widow lady. "In-deed!"

"He has just been speaking to me," said Walter, in breathless explanation.

"Has he?" replied the widow lady. "Then p'raps you'll give him Mrs. MacStinger's respects and say that the next time he lowers himself and his lodgings by talking out of winder she'll thank him to come down and open the door too." Mrs. MacStinger spoke loud, and listened for any observations that might be offered from the first floor.

"I'll mention it," said Walter, "if you'll have the goodness to let me in, Ma'am."

For he was repelled by a wooden fortification extending across the doorway, and put there to prevent the little MacStingers in their moments of recreation from tumbling down the steps.

"A boy that can knock my door down," said Mrs. MacStinger, contemptuously, "can get over that, I should hope!" But Walter, taking this as a permission to enter, and getting over it, Mrs. MacStinger immediately demanded whether an Englishwoman's house was her castle or not: and whether she was to be broke in upon by 'raff.' On these subjects her thirst for information was still very importunate, when Walter, having made his way up the little staircase through an artificial fog occasioned by the washing, which covered the bannisters with a clammy perspiration, entered Captain Cuttle's room, and found that gentleman in ambush behind the door.

"Never owed her a penny, Wal'r," said Captain Cuttle in a low voice, and with visible marks of trepidation on his countenance. "Done her a world of good turns, and the children too. Vixen at times, though. Whew!"

"I should go away, Captain Cuttle," said Walter.

"Durstn't do it, Wal'r," returned the Captain. "She'd find me out, wherever I went. Sit down. How's Gills?"

The Captain was dining (in his hat) off cold loin of mutton, porter, and some smoking hot potatoes, which he had cooked himself, and took out of a little saucepan before the fire as he wanted them. He unscrewed his hook at dinner-time, and screwed a knife into its wooden socket, instead, with which he had already begun to peel one of these potatoes for Walter. His rooms were very small, and strongly impregnated with tobacco-smoke, but snug enough: everything being stowed away, as if there were an earthquake regularly every half hour.

"How's Gills?" inquired the Captain.

Walter, who had by this time recovered his breath, and lost his spirits—or such temporary spirits as his rapid journey had given him—looked at his questioner for a moment, said "Oh Captain Cuttle!" and burst into tears.

No words can describe the Captain's consternation at this sight. Mrs. MacStinger faded into nothing before it. He dropped the potato and the fork—and would have dropped the knife too if he could—and sat gazing at the boy, as if he expected to hear next moment that a gulf had opened in the city, which had swallowed up his old friend, coffee-colored suit, buttons, chronometer, spectacles, and all.

But when Walter told him what was really the matter, Captain Cuttle, after a moment's reflection, started up into full activity. He emptied out of a little tin canister on the top shelf of the cupboard, his whole stock

of ready money (amounting to thirteen pounds and half-a-crown), which he transferred to one of the pockets of his square blue coat; further enriched that repository with the contents of his plate chest, consisting of two withered atomies of teaspoons, and an obsolete pair of knock-knee'd sugar tongs; pulled up his immense double-cased silver watch from the depths in which it reposed, to assure himself that that valuable was sound and whole; re-attached the hook to his right wrist; and seizing the stick covered over with knobs, bade Walter come along.

Remembering, however, in the midst of his virtuous excitement, that Mrs. MacStinger might be lying in wait below, Captain Cuttle hesitated at last, not without glancing at the window, as if he had some thought of escaping by that unusual means of egress, rather than encounter his terrible enemy. He decided, however, in favor of stratagem.

"Wal'r," said the Captain, with a timid wink, "go afore, my lad. Sing out, 'good bye, Captain Cuttle,' when you're in the passage, and shut the door. Then wait at the corner of the street 'till you see me."

These directions were not issued without a previous knowledge of the enemy's tactics, for when Walter got down stairs, Mrs. MacStinger glided out of the little back kitchen, like an avenging spirit. But not gliding out upon the Captain, as she had expected, she merely made a further allusion to the knocker, and glided in again.

Some five minutes elapsed before Captain Cuttle could summon courage to attempt his escape; for Walter waited so long at the street corner, looking back at the house, before there were any symptoms of the hard glazed hat. At length the Captain burst out of the door with the suddenness of an explosion, and coming towards him at a great pace, and never once looking over his shoulder, pretended, as soon as they were well out of the street, to whistle a tune.

"Uncle much hove down, Wal'r?" inquired the Captain, as they were walking along.

"I am afraid so. If you had seen him this morning, you would never have forgotten it."

"Walk fast, Wal'r, my lad," returned the Captain, mending his pace; "and walk the same all the days of your life. Overhaul the catechism for that advice, and keep it!"

The Captain was too busy with his own thoughts of Solomon Gills, mingled perhaps with some reflections on his late escape from Mrs. MacStinger, to offer any further quotations on the way for Walter's moral improvement. They interchanged no other word until they arrived at old Sol's door, where the unfortunate wooden midshipman with his instrument at his eye, seemed to be surveying the whole horizon in search of some friend to help him out of his difficulty.

"Gills!" said the Captain, hurrying into the back parlor, and taking him by the hand quite tenderly. "Lay your head well to the wind, and we'll fight through it. All you've got to do," said the Captain, with the solemnity of a man who was delivering himself of one of the most precious practical tenets ever discovered by human wisdom, "is to lay your head well to the wind, and we'll fight through it!"

Old Sol returned the pressure of his hand, and thanked him.

Captain Cuttle, then, with a gravity suitable to the nature of the occasion, put down upon the table the two tea-spoons and the sugar-tongs, the

silver watch, and the ready money; and asked Mr. Brogley, the broker, what the damage was.

"Come! What do you make of it?" said Captain Cuttle.

"Why, Lord help you!" returned the broker; "you don't suppose that property's of any use, do you?"

"Why not?" inquired the Captain.

"Why? The amount's three hundred and seventy, odd," replied the broker.

"Never mind," returned the Captain, though he was evidently dismayed by the figures: "all's fish that comes to your net, I suppose?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Brogley. "But sprats an't whales, you know."

The philosophy of this observation seemed to strike the Captain. He ruminated for a minute; eyeing the broker, meanwhile, as a deep genius; and then called the instrument-maker aside.

"Gills," said Captain Cuttle, "what's the bearings of this business? Who's the creditor?"

"Hush!" returned the old man. "Come away. Don't speak before Wally. It's a matter of security for Wally's father—an old bond. I've paid a good deal of it, Ned, but the times are so bad with me that I can't do more just now. I've foreseen it, but I couldn't help it. Not a word before Wally, for all the world."

"You've got *some* money, haven't you?" whispered the Captain.

"Yes, yes—oh yes—I've got some," returned old Sol, first putting his hands into his empty pockets, and then squeezing his Welsh wig between them, as if he thought he might wring some gold out of it; "but I—the little I have got, isn't convertible, Ned; it can't be got at. I have been trying to do something with it for Wally, and I'm old-fashioned, and behind the time. It's here and there, and—and, in short, it's as good as nowhere," said the old man, looking in bewilderment about him.

He had so much the air of a half-witted person who had been hiding his money in a variety of places, and had forgotten where, that the Captain followed his eyes, not without a faint hope that he might remember some few hundred pounds concealed up the chimney, or down in the cellar. But Solomon Gills knew better than that.

"I'm behind the time altogether, my dear Ned," said Sol, in resigned despair, "a long way. It's no use my lagging on so far behind it. The stock had better be sold—it's worth more than this debt—and I had better go and die somewhere, on the balance. I haven't any energy left. I don't understand things. This had better be the end of it. Let 'em sell the stock and take *him* down," said the old man, pointing feebly to the wooden midshipman, "and let us both be broken up together."

"And what d'ye mean to do with Wal'r?" said the Captain. "There, there! Sit ye down, Gills, sit ye down, and let me think o' this. If I warn't a man on a small annuity, that was large enough till to-day, I hadn't need to think of it. But you only lay your head well to the wind," said the Captain, again administering that unanswerable piece of consolation, "and you're all right!"

Old Sol thanked him from his heart, and went and laid it against the back parlor fire-place instead.

Captain Cuttle walked up and down the shop for some time, cogitating profoundly, and bringing his bushy black eyebrows to bear so heavily on his nose, like clouds settling on a mountain, that Walter was afraid to

offer any interruption to the current of his reflections. Mr. Brogley, who was averse to being any constraint upon the party, and who had an ingenious cast of mind, went, softly whistling; among the stock; rattling weather glasses, shaking compasses as if they were physic, catching up keys with loadstones, looking through telescopes, endeavouring to make himself acquainted with the use of the globes, setting parallel rulers astride on to his nose, and amusing himself with other philosophical transactions.

"Wal'r!" said the Captain at last. "I've got it."

"Have you, Captain Cuttle?" cried Walter, with great animation.

"Come this way, my lad," said the Captain. "The stock's one security. I'm another. Your governor's the man to advance the money."

"Mr. Dombey!" faltered Walter.

The Captain nodded gravely. "Look at him," he said. "Look at Gills. If they was to sell off these things now, he'd die of it. You know he would. We mustn't leave a stone unturned—and there's a stone for you."

"A stone!—Mr. Dombey!"—faltered Walter.

"You run round to the office, first of all, and see if he's there," said Captain Cuttle, clapping him on the back. "Quick!"

Walter felt he must not dispute the command—a glance at his uncle would have determined him if he had felt otherwise—and disappeared to execute it. He soon returned, out of breath, to say that Mr. Dombey was not there. It was Saturday, and he had gone to Brighton.

"I tell you what, Wal'r!" said the Captain, who seemed to have prepared himself for this contingency in his absence. "We'll go to Brighton. I'll back you, my boy. I'll back you, Wal'r. We'll go to Brighton by the afternoon's coach."

If the application must be made to Mr. Dombey at all, which was awful to think of, Walter felt that he would rather prefer it alone and unassisted, than backed by the personal influence of Captain Cuttle, to which he hardly thought Mr. Dombey would attach much weight. But as the Captain appeared to be of quite another opinion, and was bent upon it, and as his friendship was too zealous and serious to be trifled with by one so much younger than himself, he forbore to hint the least objection. Cuttle, therefore, taking a hurried leave of Solomon Gills, and returning the ready money, the teaspoons, the sugar-tongs, and the silver watch, to his pocket—with a view, as Walter thought, with horror, to making a gorgeous impression on Mr. Dombey—bore him off to the coach-office, without a minute's delay, and repeatedly assured him, on the road, that he would stick by him to the last.

CHAPTER X.

CONTAINING THE SEQUEL OF THE MIDSHIPMAN'S DISASTER.

MAJOR BAGSTOCK, after long and frequent observation of Paul, across Princess's Place, through his double barrelled opera glass; and after receiving many minute reports, daily, weekly, and monthly, on that subject, from the native who kept himself in constant communication with Miss Tox's maid for that purpose; came to the conclusion that Dombey, Sir, was a man to be known, and that J. B. was the boy to make his acquaintance.

Miss Tox, however, maintaining her reserved behaviour, and frigidly declining to understand the Major whenever he called (which he often did) on any little fishing excursion connected with this project, the Major, in spite of his constitutional toughness and slyness, was fain to leave the accomplishment of his desire in some measure to chance, "which," as he was used to observe with chuckles at his club, "has been fifty to one in favor of Joey B., Sir, ever since his elder brother died of Yellow Jack in the West Indies."

It was some time coming to his aid in the present instance, but it befriended him at last. When the dark servant, with full particulars, reported Miss Tox absent on Brighton service, the Major was suddenly touched with affectionate reminiscences of his friend Bill Bitherstone of Bengal, who had written to ask him, if he ever went that way, to bestow a call upon his only son. But when the same dark servant reported Paul at Mrs. Pipchin's, and the Major, referring to the letter favored by Master Bitherstone on his arrival in England—to which he had never had the least idea of paying any attention—saw the opening that presented itself, he was made so rabid by the gout, with which he happened to be then laid up, that he threw a footstool at the dark servant in return for his intelligence, and swore he would be the death of the rascal before he had done with him: which the dark servant was more than half disposed to believe.

At length the Major being released from his fit, went one Saturday growling down to Brighton, with the native behind him: apostrophizing Miss Tox all the way, and gloating over the prospect of carrying by storm the distinguished friend to whom she attached so much mystery, and for whom she had deserted him.

"Would you, Ma'am, would you!" said the Major, straining with vindictiveness, and swelling every already swollen vein in his head. "Would you give Joey B. the go-by, Ma'am? Not yet, Ma'am, not yet! Damme, not yet, Sir. Joe is awake, Ma'am. Bagstock is alive, Sir. J. B. knows a move or two, Ma'am. Josh has his weather-eye open, Sir. You'll find him tough, Ma'am. Tough, Sir, tough is Joseph. Tough, and de-vil-ish sly!"

And very tough indeed Master Bitherstone found him, when he took that young gentleman out for a walk. But the Major, with his complexion like a Stilton cheese, and his eyes like a prawn's, went roving about, perfectly indifferent to Master Bitherstone's amusement, and dragging Master Bitherstone along, while he looked about him high and low, for Mr. Dombey and his children.

In good time the Major, previously instructed by Mrs. Pipchin, spied out Paul and Florence, and bore down upon them; there being a stately gentleman (Mr. Dombey, doubtless) in their company. Charging with Master Bitherstone into the very heart of the little squadron, it fell out, of course, that Master Bitherstone spoke to his fellow-sufferers. Upon that the Major stopped to notice and admire them; remembered with amazement that he had seen and spoken to them at his friend Miss Tox's in Princess's Place; opined that Paul was a devilish fine fellow, and his own little friend; inquired if he remembered Joey B. the Major; and finally, with a sudden recollection of the conventionalities of life, turned and apologised to Mr. Dombey.

"But my little friend here, Sir," said the Major, "makes a boy of me again. An old soldier, Sir—Major Bagstock, at your service—is not ashamed to confess it." Here the Major lifted his hat. "Damme, Sir,"

cried the Major with sudden warmth, "I envy you." Then he recollected himself, and added, "Excuse my freedom."

Mr. Dombey begged he wouldn't mention it.

"An old campaigner, Sir," said the Major, "a smoke-dried, sun-burnt, used-up, invalided old dog of a Major, Sir, was not afraid of being condemned for his whim by a man like Mr. Dombey. I have the honour of addressing Mr. Dombey, I believe?"

"I am the present unworthy representative of that name, Major," returned Mr. Dombey.

"By G—, Sir!" said the Major, "it's a great name. It's a name, Sir," said the Major firmly, as if he defied Mr. Dombey to contradict him, and would feel it his painful duty to bully him if he did, "that is known and honoured in the British possessions abroad. It is a name, Sir, that a man is proud to recognise. There is nothing adulatory in Joseph Bagstock, Sir. His Royal Highness the Duke of York observed on more than one occasion, 'there is no adulation in Joey. He is a plain old soldier is Joe. He is tough to a fault is Joseph:' but it's a great name, Sir. By the Lord, it's a great name!" said the Major, solemnly.

"You are good enough to rate it higher than it deserves perhaps, Major," returned Mr. Dombey.

"No, Sir," said the Major. "My little friend here, Sir, will certify for Joseph Bagstock that he is a thorough-going, downright, plain-spoken, old Trump, Sir, and nothing more. That boy, Sir," said the Major in a lower tone, "will live in history. That boy, Sir, is not a common production. Take care of him, Mr. Dombey."

Mr. Dombey seemed to intimate that he would endeavour to do so.

"Here is a boy here, Sir," pursued the Major, confidentially, and giving him a thrust with his cane. "Son of Bitherstone of Bengal. Bill Bitherstone formerly of ours. That boy's father and myself, Sir, were sworn friends. Wherever you went, Sir, you heard of nothing but Bill Bitherstone and Joe Bagstock. Am I blind to that boy's defects? By no means. He's a fool, Sir."

Mr. Dombey glanced at the libelled Master Bitherstone of whom he knew at least as much as the Major did, and said, in quite a complacent manner, "Really?"

"That is what he is, Sir," said the Major. "He's a fool. Joe Bagstock never minces matters. The son of my old friend Bill Bitherstone of Bengal, is a born fool, Sir." Here the Major laughed till he was almost black. "My little friend is destined for a public school, I presume, Mr. Dombey?" said the Major when he had recovered.

"I am not quite decided," returned Mr. Dombey. "I think not. He is delicate."

"If he's delicate, Sir," said the Major, "you are right. None but the tough fellows could live through it, Sir, at Sandhurst. We put each other to the torture there, Sir. We roasted the new fellows at a slow fire, and hung 'em out of a three pair of stairs window, with their heads downwards. Joseph Bagstock, Sir, was held out of window by the heels of his boots, for thirteen minutes by the college clock."

The Major might have appealed to his countenance in corroboration of this story. It certainly looked as if he had hung out a little too long.

"But it made us what we were, Sir," said the Major, settling his shirt

frill. "We were iron, Sir, and it forged us. Are you remaining here, Mr. Dombey?"

"I generally come down once a-week, Major," returned that gentleman. "I stay at the Bedford."

"I shall have the honor of calling at the Bedford, Sir, if you'll permit me," said the Major. "Joey B., Sir, is not in general a calling man, but Mr. Dombey's is not a common name. I am much indebted to my little friend, Sir, for the honor of this introduction."

Mr. Dombey made a very gracious reply; and Major Bagstock, having patted Paul on the head, and said of Florence that her eyes would play the Devil with the youngsters before long—"and the oldsters too, Sir, if you come to that," added the Major, chuckling very much—stirred up Master Bitherstone with his walking-stick, and departed with that young gentleman, at a kind of half-trot; rolling his head and coughing with great dignity, as he staggered away, with his legs very wide asunder.

In fulfilment of his promise, the Major afterwards called on Mr. Dombey; and Mr. Dombey, having referred to the army list, afterwards called on the Major. Then the Major called at Mr. Dombey's house in town; and came down again, in the same coach as Mr. Dombey. In short, Mr. Dombey and the Major got on uncommonly well together, and uncommonly fast: and Mr. Dombey observed of the Major, to his sister, that besides being quite a military man he was really something more, as he had a very admirable idea of the importance of things unconnected with his own profession.

At length Mr. Dombey, bringing down Miss Tox and Mrs. Chick to see the children, and finding the Major again at Brighton, invited him to dinner at the Bedford, and complimented Miss Tox highly, beforehand, on her neighbour and acquaintance. Notwithstanding the palpitation of the heart which these allusions occasioned her, they were anything but disagreeable to Miss Tox, as they enabled her to be extremely interesting, and to manifest an occasional incoherence and distraction which she was not at all unwilling to display. The Major gave her abundant opportunities of exhibiting this emotion: being profuse in his complaints, at dinner, of her desertion of him and Princess's Place: and as he appeared to derive great enjoyment from making them, they all got on very well.

None the worse on account of the Major taking charge of the whole conversation, and showing as great an appetite in that respect as in regard of the various dainties on the table, among which he may be almost said to have wallowed: greatly to the aggravation of his inflammatory tendencies. Mr. Dombey's habitual silence and reserve yielding readily to this usurpation, the Major felt that he was coming out and shining: and in the flow of spirits thus engendered, rang such an infinite number of new changes on his own name that he quite astonished himself. In a word, they were all very well pleased. The Major was considered to possess an inexhaustible fund of conversation; and when he took a late farewell, after a long rubber, Mr. Dombey again complimented the blushing Miss Tox on her neighbour, and acquaintance.

But all the way home to his own hotel, the Major incessantly said to himself, and of himself, "Sly, Sir—sly, Sir—de-vil-ish sly!" And when he got there, sat down in a chair, and fell into a silent fit of laughter,

with which he was sometimes seized, and which was always particularly awful. It held him so long on this occasion that the dark servant, who stood watching him at a distance, but dared not for his life approach, twice or thrice gave him over for lost. His whole form, but especially his face and head, dilated beyond all former experience; and presented to the dark man's view, nothing but a heaving mass of indigo. At length he burst into a violent paroxysm of coughing, and when that was a little better burst into such ejaculations as the following:

"Would you, Ma'am, would you? Mrs. Dombey, eh Ma'am? I think not, Ma'am. Not while Joe B. can put a spoke in your wheel, Ma'am. J. B.'s even with you now, Ma'am. He isn't altogether bowled out, yet, Sir, isn't Bagstock. She's deep Sir, deep, but Josh is deeper. Wide awake is old Joe—broad awake, and staring, Sir!" There was no doubt of this last assertion being true, and to a very fearful extent; as it continued to be during the greater part of that night, which the Major chiefly passed in similar exclamations, diversified with fits of coughing and choking that startled the whole house.

It was on the day after this occasion (being Sunday) when, as Mr. Dombey, Mrs. Chick, and Miss Tox were sitting at breakfast, still eulogizing the Major, Florence came running in: her face suffused with a bright color, and her eyes sparkling joyfully: and cried,

"Papa! Papa! Here's Walter! and he won't come in."

"Who?" cried Mr. Dombey. "What does she mean? What is this?"

"Walter, Papa," said Florence timidly; sensible of having approached the presence with too much familiarity. "Who found me when I was lost."

"Does she mean young Gay, Louisa?" inquired Mr. Dombey, knitting his brows. "Really, this child's manners have become very boisterous. She cannot mean young Gay, I think. See what it is, will you."

Mrs. Chick hurried into the passage, and returned with the information that it was young Gay, accompanied by a very strange-looking person; and that young Gay said he would not take the liberty of coming in, hearing Mr. Dombey was at breakfast, but would wait until Mr. Dombey should signify that he might approach.

"Tell the boy to come in now," said Mr. Dombey. "Now, Gay, what is the matter? Who sent you down here? Was there nobody else to come?"

"I beg your pardon, Sir," returned Walter. "I have not been sent. I have been so bold as to come on my own account, which I hope you'll pardon when I mention the cause."

But Mr. Dombey, without attending to what he said, was looking impatiently on either side of him (as if he were a pillar in his way) at some object behind.

"What's that?" said Mr. Dombey. "Who is that? I think you have made some mistake in the door, Sir."

"Oh, I'm very sorry to intrude with any one, Sir," cried Walter, hastily: "but this is—this is Captain Cuttle, Sir."

"Wal'r, my lad," observed the Captain in a deep voice: "stand by!"

At the same time the Captain, coming a little further in, brought out his wide suit of blue, his conspicuous shirt-collar, and his knobby nose in full relief, and stood bowing to Mr. Dombey, and waving his hook politely to the ladies, with the hard glazed hat in his one hand, and a red equator round his head which it had newly imprinted there.

Mr. Dombey regarded this phenomenon with amazement and indignation, and seemed by his looks to appeal to Mrs. Chick and Miss Tox against it. Little Paul, who had come in after Florence, backed towards Miss Tox as the Captain waved his hook, and stood on the defensive.

"Now, Gay," said Mr. Dombey. "What have you got to say to me?"

Again the Captain observed, as a general opening of the conversation that could not fail to propitiate all parties, "Wal'r, stand by!"

"I am afraid, Sir," began Walter, trembling, and looking down at the ground, "that I take a very great liberty in coming—indeed, I am sure I do. I should hardly have had the courage to ask to see you, Sir, even after coming down, I am afraid, if I had not overtaken Miss Dombey, and"—

"Well!" said Mr. Dombey, following his eyes as he glanced at the attentive Florence, and frowning unconsciously as she encouraged him with a smile. "Go on, if you please."

"Aye, aye," observed the Captain, considering it incumbent on him, as a point of good breeding, to support Mr. Dombey. "Well said! Go on, Wal'r."

Captain Cuttle ought to have been withered by the look which Mr. Dombey bestowed upon him in acknowledgment of his patronage. But quite innocent of this, he closed one eye in reply, and gave Mr. Dombey to understand, by certain significant motions of his hook, that Walter was a little bashful at first, and might be expected to come out shortly.

"It is entirely a private and personal matter, that has brought me here, Sir," continued Walter, faltering, "and Captain Cuttle—."

"Here!" interposed the Captain, as an assurance that he was at hand, and might be relied upon.

"Who is a very old friend of my poor uncle's, and a most excellent man, Sir," pursued Walter, raising his eyes with a look of entreaty in the Captain's behalf, "was so good as to offer to come with me, which I could hardly refuse."

"No, no, no," observed the Captain complacently. "Of course not. No call for refusing. Go on, Wal'r."

"And therefore, Sir," said Walter, venturing to meet Mr. Dombey's eye, and proceeding with better courage in the very desperation of the case, now that there was no avoiding it, "therefore I have come, with him, Sir, to say that my poor old uncle is in very great affliction and distress. That, through the gradual loss of his business, and not being able to make a payment, the apprehension of which has weighed very heavily upon his mind, months and months, as indeed I know, Sir, he has an execution in his house, and is in danger of losing all he has, and breaking his heart. And that if you would, in your kindness, and in your old knowledge of him as a respectable man, do anything to help him out of his difficulty, Sir, we never could thank you enough for it."

Walter's eyes filled with tears as he spoke; and so did those of Florence. Her father saw them glistening, though he appeared to look at Walter only.

"It is a very large sum, Sir," said Walter. "More than three hundred pounds. My uncle is quite beaten down by his misfortune, it lies so heavy on him; and is quite unable to do anything for his own relief. He doesn't even know yet, that I have come to speak to you. You would wish me to say, Sir," added Walter, after a moment's hesitation, "exactly what it is I want. I really don't know, Sir. There is my uncle's stock, on which I believe I may say, confidently, there are no other demands; and there is

Captain Cuttle, who would wish to be security too. I—I hardly like to mention,” said Walter, “such earnings as mine; but if you would allow them—accumulate—payment—advance—uncle—frugal, honorable, old man.” Walter trailed off, through these broken sentences, into silence; and stood, with downcast head, before his employer.

Considering this a favourable moment for the display of the valuables, Captain Cuttle advanced to the table; and clearing a space among the break-fast-cups at Mr. Dombey’s elbow, produced the silver watch, the ready money, the teaspoons, and the sugar-tongs; and piling them up into a heap that they might look as precious as possible, delivered himself of these words:

“Half a loaf’s better than no bread, and the same remark holds good with crumbs. There’s a few. Annuity of one hundred pound prannum also ready to be made over. If there is a man chock full of science in the world, it’s old Sol Gills. If there is a lad of promise—one flowing,” added the Captain, in one of his happy quotations, “with milk and honey—it’s his nevy!”

The Captain then withdrew to his former place, where he stood arranging his scattered locks with the air of a man who had given the finishing touch to a difficult performance.

When Walter ceased to speak, Mr. Dombey’s eyes were attracted to little Paul, who, seeing his sister hanging down her head and silently weeping, in her commiseration for the distress she had heard described, went over to her, and tried to comfort her: looking at Walter and his father, as he did so, with a very expressive face. After the momentary distraction of Captain Cuttle’s address, which he regarded with lofty indifference, Mr. Dombey again turned his eyes upon his son, and sat steadily regarding the child, for some moments, in silence.

“What was this debt contracted for?” asked Mr. Dombey, at length. “Who is the creditor?”

“He don’t know,” replied the Captain, putting his hand on Walter’s shoulder. “I do. It came of helping a man that’s dead now, and that’s cost my friend Gills many a hundred pound already. More particulars in private, if agreeable.”

“People who have enough to do to hold their own way,” said Mr. Dombey, unobservant of the Captain’s mysterious signs behind Walter, and still looking at his son, “had better be content with their own obligations and difficulties, and not increase them by engaging for other men. It is an act of dishonesty, and presumption too,” said Mr. Dombey, sternly; “great presumption; for the wealthy could do no more. Paul, come here!”

The child obeyed: and Mr. Dombey took him on his knee.

“If you had money now—” said Mr. Dombey. “Look at me!”

Paul, whose eyes had wandered to his sister, and to Walter, looked his father in the face.

“If you had money now,” said Mr. Dombey; “as much money as young Gay has talked about; what would you do?”

“Give it to his old uncle,” returned Paul.

“Lend it to his old uncle, eh?” retorted Mr. Dombey. “Well! When you are old enough, you know, you will share my money, and we shall use it together.”

“Dombey and Son,” interrupted Paul, who had been tutored early in the phrase.

"Dombey and Son," repeated his father. "Would you like to begin to be Dombey and Son, now, and lend this money to young Gay's uncle?"

"Oh! if you please, Papa!" said Paul: "and so would Florence."

"Girls," said Mr. Dombey, "have nothing to do with Dombey and Son. Would you like it?"

"Yes, Papa, yes!"

"Then you shall do it," returned his father. "And you see, Paul," he added, dropping his voice, "how powerful money is, and how anxious people are to get it. Young Gay comes all this way to beg for money, and you, who are so grand and great, having got it, are going to let him have it, as a great favor and obligation."

Paul turned up the old face for a moment, in which there was a sharp understanding of the reference conveyed in these words: but it was a young and childish face immediately afterwards, when he slipped down from his father's knee, and ran to tell Florence not to cry any more, for he was going to let young Gay have the money.

Mr. Dombey then turned to a side-table, and wrote a note and sealed it. During the interval, Paul and Florence whispered to Walter, and Captain Cuttle beamed on the three, with such aspiring and ineffably presumptuous thoughts as Mr. Dombey never could have believed in. The note being finished, Mr. Dombey turned round to his former place, and held it out to Walter.

"Give that," he said, "the first thing to-morrow morning, to Mr. Carker. He will immediately take care that one of my people releases your uncle from his present position, by paying the amount at issue; and that such arrangements are made for its repayment as may be consistent with your uncle's circumstances. You will consider that this is done for you by Master Paul."

Walter, in the emotion of holding in his hand the means of releasing his good uncle from his trouble, would have endeavoured to express something of his gratitude and joy. But Mr. Dombey stopped him short.

"You will consider that it is done," he repeated, "by Master Paul. I have explained that to him, and he understands it. I wish no more to be said."

As he motioned towards the door, Walter could only bow his head and retire. Miss Tox, seeing that the Captain appeared about to do the same, interposed.

"My dear Sir," she said, addressing Mr. Dombey, at whose munificence both she and Mrs. Chick were shedding tears copiously; "I think you have overlooked something. Pardon me, Mr. Dombey, I think, in the nobility of your character, and its exalted scope, you have omitted a matter of detail."

"Indeed, Miss Tox!" said Mr. Dombey.

"The gentleman with the —— Instrument," pursued Miss Tox, glancing at Captain Cuttle, "has left upon the table, at your elbow ——"

"Good Heaven!" said Mr. Dombey, sweeping the Captain's property from him, as if it were so much crumb indeed. "Take these things away. I am obliged to you, Miss Tox; it is like your usual discretion. Have the goodness to take these things away, Sir!"

Captain Cuttle felt he had no alternative but to comply. But he was so much struck by the magnanimity of Mr. Dombey, in refusing treasures lying heaped up to his hand, that when he had deposited the teaspoons and sugar-tongs in one pocket, and the ready money in another, and had

lowered the great watch down slowly into its proper vault, he could not refrain from seizing that gentleman's right hand in his own solitary left, and while he held it open with his powerful fingers, bringing the hook down upon its palm in a transport of admiration. At this touch of warm feeling and cold iron, Mr. Dombey shivered all over.

Captain Cuttle then kissed his hook to the ladies several times, with great elegance and gallantry; and having taken a particular leave of Paul and Florence, accompanied Walter out of the room. Florence was running after them in the earnestness of her heart, to send some message to old Sol, when Mr. Dombey called her back, and bade her stay where she was.

"Will you *never* be a Dombey, my dear child!" said Mrs. Chick, with pathetic reproachfulness.

"Dear Aunt," said Florence. "Don't be angry with me. I am so thankful to Papa!"

She would have run and thrown her arms about his neck if she had dared; but as she did not dare, she glanced with thankful eyes towards him, as he sat musing; sometimes bestowing an uneasy glance on her, but, for the most part, watching Paul, who walked about the room with the new-blown dignity of having let young Gay have the money.

And young Gay—Walter—what of him?

He was overjoyed to purge the old man's hearth from bailiffs and brokers, and to hurry back to his uncle with the good tidings. He was overjoyed to have it all arranged and settled next day before noon; and to sit down at evening in the little back parlor with old Sol and Captain Cuttle; and to see the instrument-maker already reviving, and hopeful for the future, and feeling that the wooden midshipman was his own again. But without the least impeachment of his gratitude to Mr. Dombey, it must be confessed that Walter was humbled and cast down. It is when our budding hopes are nipped beyond recovery by some rough wind, that we are the most disposed to picture to ourselves what flowers they might have borne, if they had flourished; and now, when Walter felt himself cut off from that great Dombey height, by the depth of a new and terrible tumble, and felt that all his old wild fancies had been scattered to the winds in the fall, he began to suspect that they might have led him on to harmless visions of aspiring to Florence in the remote distance of time.

The Captain viewed the subject in quite a different light. He appeared to entertain a belief that the interview at which he had assisted was so very satisfactory and encouraging, as to be only a step or two removed from a regular betrothal of Florence to Walter; and that the late transaction had immensely forwarded, if not thoroughly established, the Whittingtonian hopes. Stimulated by this conviction, and by the improvement in the spirits of his old friend, and by his own consequent gaiety, he even attempted, in favouring them with the ballad of "Lovely Peg" for the third time in one evening, to make an extemporaneous substitution of the name "Florence"; but finding this difficult, on account of the word Peg invariably rhyming to leg (in which personal beauty the original was described as having excelled all competitors), he hit upon the happy thought of changing it to Fle—e—eg; which he accordingly did, with an archness almost supernatural, and a voice quite vociferous, notwithstanding that the time was close at hand when he must seek the abode of the dreadful Mrs. MacStinger.

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Who acts on a perfectly liberal plan,  
And, in truth, you've not tarnish'd the fame you have won  
In your liberal favours to Moses and Son.  
You have cheerfully sent us your sons and your daughters,  
In Britain, and Colonies over the waters.  
The Warehouse of Moses and Son you have made  
The Glory of Commerce, the Wonder of Trade.  
Indeed, Master John, we, without hesitation,  
Confess you have done us a great obligation;  
And what shall we do in return, Johnny Bull,  
For the manner you've honour'd our garments and wool?  
Believe us, believe us! we mean to endeavour  
To study your interests better than ever.  
We shall always be trying to bring something new  
For yourself and your very large family too.  
Yes, John, we intend, as we ever have done,  
To honour the House of E. Moses and Son.  
Our Waists shall rival all others by far,  
And our Trowsers shall prove that our House is the star.  
The Coats that go *over*, with those that go *under*,  
Shall prove to John Bull that our House is "*The Wonder*."  
Our Hats shall add beauty to gentlemen's dress,  
And we trust that they still will be "crown'd" with success.  
By-the-bye (but we hope we're not troubling you, sir),  
We've a few words to offer concerning our Fur.  
We wish you to talk to your daughters of this,  
And to tell them there's nothing whatever amiss.  
E. Moses and Son have an elegant show  
At One-fifty-seven—their new Fur Depot,  
The entrance to which you at all times can see,  
A yard or two distant from this—Eighty-three.  
We trust, Mr. Bull, that the Warehouse for Fur,  
Will constantly cause an excitement and stir.  
An inroad by Moses and Son has been made  
In the very high prices demanded in trade.  
Our profits are small, yet, indeed, Mr. Bull,  
Our Fur goods are equal to those of our wool.  
And now, Master John, lest we chance to intrude,  
We certainly think we had better conclude,  
In hopes you'll support (as you ever have done)  
The vast trading House of

## E. MOSES & SON.

Gratis and post-free!—The Autumn and Winter Book, descriptive of the Houses, and interspersed with poetical tales, &c., together with a novel system of self-measurement, important to country residents.

TAKE NOTICE.—The prices of the articles are marked in plain figures, and no abatement can be made. Observe also, that any article may be exchanged, or that the money paid may be returned.

\*\*\* The Establishment closes at sun-set on Fridays, until sun-set on Saturdays, when business is resumed till 12 o'clock.

ESSENTIAL CAUTION.—E. MOSES and SON are under the necessity of guarding the public against imposition, having learned that the untradesmanlike falsehood of "being connected with them," or "It's the same concern," has been resorted to in many instances and for obvious reasons. The Proprietors have no connection with any other house, and those who would prevent disappointment should observe the address,

**E. MOSES & SON, Tailors, Woollen Drapers, Hosiery, Furriers,  
Hatters, Boot and Shoe Makers, &c.,  
154, 155, 156, & 157 Minories, & 83, 84, 85, & 86, Aldgate, City.**